B V
4501
M822w
1859

ARMY MEDICAL LIBRARY

FOUNDED 1836

WASHINGTON, D.C.

DUE TWO WEEKS FROM LAST DATE

JAN 24 1950

GPO 857488

THE

# WORLD'S BATTLE.

BY

JAMES MOORE, M.D.

---

Concurritur: horæ momento aut cita
Mors venit, aut victoria læta.—Hor.

---

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.
1859.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by
JAMES MOORE, M. D.,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA:
STEREOTYPED BY GEORGE CHARLES,
NO. 607 SANSOM STREET.

Lovell 8-7-46

# PREFACE.

MEN are universally agreed that life is short. But, short as life is, it is very *eventful*. These events, crowding upon us, are not unfrequently of a character calculated to convince us that this is not the place of our rest.

We have many things to contend against, internally and externally. The fight or battle is incessant; and, as all the world share in it, it is The World's Battle. I have, therefore, given this title to the following work, the character of which is moral, ethical, and religious. To any but the meditative and the serious, the well-meaning and sincere, I cannot promise much. Yet, I do not say the scholar and the man of enlightened understanding will find it uninteresting.

I am encouraged to believe the work is calcu-



390496

lated to be useful to all but the worthless and the worshipers of Mammon. The favorable reception it has met with renders another edition necessary. The present edition has received an addition of the last chapter, this Preface, and a table of Contents.

The Author has received many testimonials of the usefulness of the work from competent and candid judges. The Press has been lenient, and the opinion of the good and virtuous seems to incline to the idea that it contains those elements that will preserve it from decay and the fate of many ephemeral productions. Whether such hopes are to be realized must depend upon a discerning public, to which the work is now respectfully submitted.

PHILADELPHIA, *Oct.*, 1858.

# CONTENTS.


CHAPTER I. PAGE

Various Examples show the Uncertainty of all Earthly Things, and the Afflictions men are subject to in this Life—The Design of the work unfolded, which, though under the similitude of a vision, is not *visionary*..... 5

CHAPTER II.

Charles the Twelfth and Napoleon the First—The Duke of Wellington—General Washington—Franklin—Lafayette—cited as instances that great men have peculiar trials, and that the three last but carried into effect the designs of Providence—Discovery of Volta—The Gases, &c., &c., &c..... 13

CHAPTER III.

The Rewards of Just Men not on Earth—Nature and Revelation—The corrupt Morals of the ancient World—The Foundation of all Morality..... 19

CHAPTER IV. PAGE

On Education—Importance of right Training.... 24

CHAPTER V.

The Great Example—Christian Morals contrasted with the Morals of Cicero—Various Instances of Morality—An Improvement seen in the Morals of the present Age..... 30

CHAPTER VI.

The Objection—The Sin of the World, seen in the accumulation of riches ill-used—The fleeting Nature of Riches demonstrated—The Author's Motives and Reflections..... 38

CHAPTER VII.

The Objection—Pride—Its Origin—Its grievous Influence—Its power over Man—Various Examples given..... 42

CHAPTER VIII.

The Objection—Pride, continued—Its Influence in Families—On the Fashionable—The ludicrous Effects of it—Its blinding Nature—On Naaman—On the Jews—On the Greeks—Produces Infidelity—Numerous Examples..... 47

## CHAPTER IX.

PAGE

On the Nature and Immortality of the Soul—Difficulty of Definition—Two Substances in Nature, *Matter* and *Spirit*—The Inertness of Matter—Essential Properties, &c.—Translation from Ovid—Differences in Organic and Inorganic Nature—Matter Perishable—The Soul—Its Faculties—Original Criticism—Greek Words—Latin and English Equivalents—Nerves of Special Sense—Mind communicates with the exterior World through this medium—Passions of the Soul—Its Immateriality and Immortality..... 52

## CHAPTER X.

Reminiscences—The Author born, 1824—Education—Enters Dungannon Royal School—Rev. J. R. Darley—Dr. James Hunter—Embarks for America, &c.—Graduates in Medicine.... 89

## CHAPTER XI.

A Mother's Influence—Its Importance—Its Excellent Effects..... 95

## CHAPTER XII.

Changing Fashions—The Christian Armor—Address to the Clergy, &c., &c..... 106

CHAPTER XIII. PAGE

The Bridge of Sighs—Venetian Republic—Disappointed Affections, &c.—Falling in Love—Reciprocated Love—Illicit Love—Adultery—Its heinous Nature and sure Punishment—Fornication—Its Prevalence and Wickedness—The Young guarded—An ounce of Prevention—Corrupt tendencies to be shunned—Conclusion..... 109

TO

THE REV. ROBERT M. MITCHESON, A.M.,

THE PRESENT EDITION OF

"THE WORLD'S BATTLE"

Is Dedicated,

AS A SINCERE, THOUGH INADEQUATE TOKEN OF ESTEEM FOR HIS TALENTS, ZEAL, AND USEFULNESS, AS A PARISH CLERGYMAN,

BY HIS FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

IN FIRST EDITION

TO

FRANCIS GURNEY SMITH, M.D.,

Professor of the Institutes of Medicine in the Medical Department Pennsylvania College,

THIS LITTLE WORK,

WITH EVERY SENTIMENT OF ESTEEM AND GRATITUDE, IS

Respectfully Inscribed,

BY HIS OBLIGED FRIEND AND FORMER PUPIL,

THE AUTHOR.

# THE WORLD'S BATTLE.

## CHAPTER I.

"We bring our years to an end as a tale that is told."

THERE have been brave men before Agamemmen, and heroes as illustrious as those who fought and bled around the doomed city, Troy. As wise men as Ulysses may have flourished before that worthy existed, though his prudence stands almost unequaled in Grecian story. The lapse of time certainly has brought forth as heroic chieftains as Achilles, though few, like him, could boast a goddess as his mother. He was mortal like others, and, though in the heel only vulnerable, stands yet as an example, that men may not be too self-confident. In fact, even Hector himself, though brave to a fault, could not save Ilium from perishing; and there is neither Greek nor Trojan of the Homeric celebrity, that did not come off without room for a single boast. Agamemnon was slain by his wife Clytemnestra, on his return; Ulysses was absent from his country

ten years at Troy, and as many in his wanderings; being one time detained in the bower of Calypso, at length inconsolable for his loss; at another shipwrecked, or, worse still, threatened with imminent death in the fearful abode of the Cyclop Polyphemus; Ajax, in a fit of madness, slaughtered a flock of sheep, thinking he slew the Grecians, and then put an end to his own life; Achilles fell by treachery before Troy; Hector, his illustrious enemy, was dragged around its walls, which he so bravely defended; King Priamus, who, as Virgil says, reigned over so many nations of Asia, fell in extreme age, with long disused weapons in his hand, and died for his country in vain, his head being severed from the trunk, and the remains maltreated ignominiously. Even the pious Æneas with difficulty escaped from his burning city, carrying his aged father, Anchises, on his back, leading his infant son, Ascanius, by the hand, while his wife, Creusa, followed disconsolate behind. This man, so renowned in the Poet's story, lost his wife, whom he loved, and, after many wanderings, tossed about by the Vi Superûm and the relentless Juno, at length settled in the fair fields of Hesperia, to enjoy no tranquil repose. What is found in the history of Crœsus, King of Lydia, that disproved the favorite saying of Solon, the wise Athenian

—namely, that no one before the end of life may be said to be happy? The elder Cyrus, famous for his conquests, died in an expedition against the Queen of the Massagetæ. The younger Cyrus, the son of Darius and Parysatis, fell in his expedition against his brother Artaxerxes, at the battle of Cunaxa. Xenophon, the leader of the Ten Thousand Grecians to their country, had sore trials, whose preceptor, the wise Socrates, died from drinking the juice of hemlock, administered by his ungrateful countrymen. The renowned leaders of the Athenians, and other nations of Greece, almost all felt the uncertainty either of popular favor or the fickleness of fortune. Themistocles, Pausanias, Pericles, had their peculiar trials. So had the stern Lycurgus, Solon, Leonidas, and a host of others. Philip of Macedon, and his son Alexander, surnamed Great, who wept because he had no other worlds to conquer, had each his peculiar woes, living and dying. Xerxes, the Persian, was humbled in the defeat of his arms, and escaped barely with life and a few followers. Nebuchadnezzar, the proud king of Babylon, had to consort with the beasts of the field, and ate grass like oxen, was washed with the dew of heaven, till seven "times" passed over him. Belteshazzar, King of the Chaldeans, was slain, his kingdom divided, and given to the

Medes and the Persians. The Egyptians, in their elevation and pride of heart, felt the instability of earthly grandeur. Pharaoh was lost in the Red Sea with all the chariots of Egypt. Even Cheops, who built the first Pyramid, and largest, to transmit his name to posterity, was not fortunate in his hopes—since not a pinch of dust remains of that ancient king. What of Hannibal, the sworn enemy of the Romans? His military operations did not save him from a changing fortune. His bravery was of no avail against treachery. His country, too, brave in vain, fell in turn, as if there was inevitable doom in the words of old Cato, "*Delenda est Carthago.*" Rome, even in her infancy, began under no favorable auspices. Romulus did not long triumph as universal lord, having slain Remus. She was a bloody city in her foundation—bloody under her Kings—bloody under her Consuls, Dictators, and Emperors. Pompey, defeated on the Plains of Pharsalia, afterward miserably perished. Cæsar, his fortunate rival, fell the victim of a conspiracy in the zenith of his fame, and in the Senate House of his country. Antony and Augustus were neither very fortunate, though the first forgot for a while his woes in a woman's witchery, and at last died fighting like a hero; the last found empire no sinecure, and, though the poets affected

to call him a god, died after no happy life. Cicero died a violent death, nor was his life "the rose without the thorn." Even the Emperor Justinian had his life clouded with domestic misfortune, and his general, Belisarius, was little better. Tracing in the sacred writings the annals of the world, from Adam, not one may be said to have been exempt from grievous afflictions: Noah was afflicted; Abraham severely tried; Isaac and Jacob not without their own share of tribulation. The twelve Patriarchs were not exempt from the ills of life. Moses was a man to whom the cares of state, in the management of a stiff-necked people, left no relaxation, and he died without once entering Canaan. Samson, the strongest, and Solomon, the wisest of mortals, living and dying, had their own share of the misfortunes that attend humanity. David was full of affliction, and Saul with Jonathan fell before the enemy. Daniel suffered a great deal; so did almost all the Prophets and the Apostles, and early Christians passed through a fight of afflictions enough to have appalled the stoutest hearts, and make humanity shudder at the view.

One might examine history, ancient and modern, and wars, famines, pestilences, earthquakes, or other causes, have cut off whole hosts of men from the earth; or, considering them in their in-

dividual capacity, they have had pain or sickness, sorrow or trial, commingled as so many ingredients in their cup. This seems to be the condition of human life. To be thwarted, disappointed, filled with grief, afflicted, have the brightest hopes blasted, the fondest shipwrecked, and finally to be left without a prop!

"Is all, then, trial? Are there no joys to bloom, no hope to cheer, no voice to comfort? Is the world a desert—life a state of unmitigated misery? You talk to us of the ancients and moderns, the men of the olden time of Grecian and of Roman story. Perhaps to display your partial acquaintance with history, or make people think you can read Thucydides, Herodotus, Xenophon, or Livy, Virgil, Cicero, Sallust, and Tacitus in the original. Show what you mean *to say.* Impart some lesson. Be practical, if prosy, and don't think your Classic and Biblical lore will avail in these days of the steam-engine, the rail-road, and the electro-magnetic telegraph."

I was greatly taken aback at these words, for, in writing, I must have my own way, or cannot get on at all. The objections seemed to come from a venerable man, in comely garments, whose hairs were white with the frosts of years, and, like old Nestor, he had been known among three

generations of articulating men. The old man, seeing me disconcerted, continued: "Son, I see thou art little accustomed to composition, and thou art a little confident to think that thy little book will be read in this time, when so many works of light literature are to be had so entertaining, and so full of delight to the young folks. Notwithstanding, there are some books of larger size that have as few substantial ideas as thine, and, therefore, would not discourage thee, as I perceive the intention is good."

I looked up, reassured. I beheld with more delight the benignant face of this aged man. There was that in the countenance, the bearing, the voice and manner, exceedingly noble and impressive, never to be forgotten. I recognized the tall and venerable form of him, "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," GEORGE WASHINGTON, the great and good. I stood up and made obeisance before the Ruler of the People.

He majestically motioned me to a chair, and I sat down with him in a room of the Philadelphia Library. I was greatly abashed. There were piled the ponderous tomes of antiquity, works only accessible to the learned, with the treasures of science, the triumphs of art, the discoveries of late days, that have made America

great since the Revolution. I opened up my plan. Explained the intention. Spoke of my unpretending expectations; only wished to show "the race was not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong;" that all men have trials of some kind, from which none are exempt in the world, and added, if my production pointed any one to the right source of happiness, and in any degree taught struggling minds to strain every nerve in the pursuit of virtue, and gain the goal, my object was gained—my end fully answered. I grew warm as I proceeded. This great Republic, said I, grown the admiration of nations, stretching her mighty wings, like her emblematic eagle, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, wants every aid to stem the torrent that overspreads her like a flood, and casts the bread of false principles, and sows the seeds of ungodliness and corrupt doctrine broadcast upon the waters of her confidence, to be seen after many days. I have hoped to be one in the army that hurls a proud defiance on mere circumstance and chance; rising still higher in intellectual and moral grandeur each time I fall, like the giant Anteus, who grew stronger as he touched his mother earth. This earth is the great moral battle-field, and, if tribulation is the lot in *this* life, fresh courage must be plucked from the state beyond the tomb, the region of

immortality. "Look to the General," said he. Knowing he spoke in military phrase, I was at a loss, but a voice behind me said: "Yes! look to the General, the Captain of our salvation." I looked up, and the form of the venerable and excellent Bishop White stood before me. In looking round, the old State-House clock struck twelve, and these illustrious worthies vanished forever. The last word I recall—we shall meet in the spirit land. But now I find the clock striking, and my slumbering senses awakening, discover me alone in my chamber, with the glimmering light of the nocturnal taper, my manuscript before me, and the fleeting moments bearing me rapidly along the narrow isthmus of time that separates from eternity, and divides the old year and the new.

---

## CHAPTER II.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its fragrance on the desert air."

There is something wonderful in the history of Charles the Twelfth of Sweden. Though a

truly great actor in this world's drama, doubtless the fame of exploits world-renowned would never have been his, but from some favorable circumstances that aided his ambition. Even thus, he was little more than the sport of fortune, and his success stands in contrast with his fall at the siege of Frederickshall, evincing the uncertainty of all human affairs. This man has been underrated as to his piety, he being one of those Swedish monarchs who lent efficient aid to the Churches of the Swedes in America, and favored Wicaco with a friendly letter and contributions.

The active life and boundless ambition of the First Napoleon, at one time grasping at universal empire, at another bound to a barren rock, prove how little the chances in life's lottery are to be calculated on, and how one unforeseen event may dash down the loftiest castles reared by human imaginings. Envy itself cannot deny that he was a mighty man, and his name was the talisman by which the Third Napoleon, a man inferior in most respects, became the ruler of a nation delighting from time immemorial in military glory, in a country whose inhabitants Cæsar has characterized, *Galli bellorum gerendorum cupidissimi sunt.*

From the renown acquired by Arthur, Duke

of Wellington, in whose name the British deemed the glory of all former heroes to have set heliacally, and from the honors and titles bestowed upon him, the object of profoundest respect by Royalty to his latest day, one might imagiue he, was some exception to the rule of life's vicissitudes; but few men encountered so many as he whose house the mob assaulted when his popularity waned on one occasion, and, when regained, and the huzzas of the populace extolled him as the Anax Andron, the hoary hero pointed to the iron shutters of his Piccadillean mansion, as if to show his appreciation of popular applause. Since the sun first illumined the world, and nations cultivated the arts of war and of peace, no man has gained so universally an honored name as GEORGE WASHINGTON, and no man ever created more richly merited the confidence and high appreciation of a great people nobly working out independence. But the life of this great man was no exception to the rule that man is born to trouble, for few had more than he. It is common to say, that Washington was the saviour of his country, and so to a great extent he was; but American freedom was no more due to the sword of this hero, than to the valor of patriotic men, ready to lay down their lives at their country's bidding. No more can it be said that the bra-

very of the soldiers, any more than the wisdom and prowess of the Commander-in-chief, attained the desired end. A higher power interposed. Providence, so often overlooked, was graciously pleased to use the sword of Washington, the shrewdness of Franklin, the loyal attachment of Lafayette, and the united bravery of a tyrant-defying people to work out ends his inscrutable wisdom had designed to accomplish before the seed was sown that formed the tree for the mast of Columbus, or man conceived the bold idea of trusting a frail bark to the merciless ocean. The plan was laid, so to speak, in the Divine mind. The instruments he prepared for the work; and, in this instance, he used the best for his purpose, which is not the case always, or he would have selected a different set of instruments to work out the Reformation.

The ways of Providence are full of mystery. The most adverse things often turn out the best for individual or national prosperity. Could any one see the relationship between the kite of Franklin and the easy access to men of high renown in the politest court in Europe? What relation had scattering some tea in Boston harbor, to crushing tyranny in a country greater than the Roman dominion, destined to abound in nobler mansions than the palaces of the Cæsars?

When Volta observed the phenomenon of muscular contraction in the frog, who could divine that such a discovery would lead to the elimination of the electric current, that would send the intelligent thoughts of free-born men across wide continents and the pathless deep, forming links of amity and brotherhood between remote nations, proclaiming "peace on earth and good-will toward men"? Who would have imagined that men could rise into the clouds of heaven—soar aloft sublime above great cities—navigate the air in safety—disappear amid admiring plaudits of spectators, and rising higher than the loftiest mountains of our planet, descend at pleasure to earth again? The *gases* have not been known a long time. The oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon, so important, and each playing such an important part, were unknown at a time not remote. The air we breathe is four-fifths nitrogen and one-fifth oxygen. And yet these are combined by a mechanical and not a chemical union, the nitrogen serving but to dilute the oxygen. The last would produce arterial stimulation and cerebral congestion, and end in arresting the functions of animal life; but, combined or mixed with the first, no inconvenience is experienced, and life sustained. The water drunk is composed of oxygen and hydrogen, in the proportion of

eight equivalents of the former to one of the latter, and this enters largely into the composition of the things that are. Carbon, different from these, has its own use, very diverse and very important; and in all, divine wisdom is seen, the manifestation of an unerring Creator. Hence, if in the affairs of life we find tribulations and sor row upon sorrow, and one man living in a low station, where a man of inferior talents is in a higher; one industrious and worthy man poor, while another improvident and unworthy person is rich; we must draw no hasty conclusions, but believe all these things are by appointment, and for the best. Therefore, it may be concluded that some men who have never been known to fame, are as much to be admired as some others who are; individuals who cannot succeed in their undertakings, are as worthy of success as those who do, and, humanely speaking, as well entitled to it. This is all because it is pleasing to the Great Architect who has founded the wide universe, and directs human affairs toward a definite end. But this is so important a matter, and withal so little understood, or so little thought on in the present day, that I will make it the subject of the next chapter, cautioning those to pass it over who do not mean to draw the only moral renovation to be attained by erring mortals, from the doctrines of the Incarnation.

## CHAPTER III.

"Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream, whose fountain none can tell; before the sun, before the heavens thou wert: and at the voice of God, as with a mantle, didst invest the rising world of waters, dark and deep."

Man has not his reward *here*. The just live by faith. The righteous hath his reward in heaven. There remains a rest for the people of God—a place eternal in the skies. The hand of power cannot reach it; the tallest ladder of ambition cannot scale it; the subtlest web of human philosophy, the most beautifully reticulated artifices of man cannot approach its blessed portals. The land is afar off—far beyond the confines of *time*. Its dominion is *endless*. In the midst of it flows a river—the river of Life. No one of mortals ever beheld it, but he who was banished by a tyrant's cruelty. It was on a Sunday he saw it; little is said about it, but that it is clear as crystal, proceeding from the throne of God and of the Lamb. The Sovereign of the universe has built a city here, that has foundations—its splendor is too dazzling to look on. There are mansions prepared in this city, in a palace where the king makes his abode. These

are called the mansions of the blessed. The poor men who in this world have neither houses nor lands, who in fact were never able to rise in it, or make a show, became so fortunate as to get into mansions above, in the house not made with hands. Now, what is most surprising is this—the men most honored and cherished, and triumphant in *this* world, are often in no esteem in *that*. Not that the prosperity here at all interferes with enjoyment there; but, somehow or other, the most honorable and wealthy men in the cities here do not lay up much treasure there, if any. The reason is, they do not think it worth while. It does not pay. At least it will not in the present life. But it often happens with poor fellows who are much disappointed or severely tried, or broken down with heavy afflictions; *they look up*, and see through a glass darkly, get a glimmering of this place as it were, and having nothing to offer, they beg an interest in this city and in this house above. So the owner of all, out of mere pity, gives it to them; and, while they have hardly bread to eat, and the world has them in no esteem, gives them a daily allowance from his own table of the living bread sent down from heaven. This helps them to endure; and after a time he takes them to the celestial city,

"where day without night they feast in his sight, and eternity seems as day."

The Creator of all things has a universal plan. Part of this he has made known in a book translated into all the tongues of civilized nations. It is little read or studied in comparison with what it *should* be. Many men do not believe it. Many who do, do not live by it. There is a kind of reading in yellow covers much more to the taste of *some*, while *others* are so busy with other business, as to have no time for reading it. Others are too much engaged in making experiments in philosophy to study it; and though much read by good men appointed by the Sovereign for the purpose, it takes little or no effect. There is another book that all men may peruse. It is spread before them; much use may be made of it. It is what is called Nature; while the other, the more valuable, is called Revelation. The one tends to act as an interpreter of the other; and if a man makes the best use of them, with a help to be mentioned anon, it is surprising how few fundamental mistakes he will make.

It was indispensable that men should have light to guide them through the intricate mazes of the present life. They were given the lights of Nature and Revelation. Even the heathen had no excuse. The Deity had so written the

characters of his wisdom and beneficence upon the works of his hands, that "the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world were clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead." But the ungrateful spirit was prevalent from the first. Men knowing the Creator had no sense of gratitude; neglected to trace Him in his works, and wandered from Truth. Their foolish heart was darkened. In all the land of the East they, with scarce an exception, turned to idolatry or devil worship; they changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man; the animals, fishes, and reptiles, the sun, moon, and stars came in for a share of homage, and the heart grew utterly corrupt. It is not intended to trace idolatry in the various nations of the earth, nor yet the scandalous practices in connection with some of the mysteries of the heathen. Suffice it to say, the Greeks and Romans, the former the most polished, the latter the most powerful nation of ancient times, had gods and demigods innumerable, and were sunk in a state of moral degradation fearful to contemplate. Even the chosen people were prone to idolatry till after the captivity in Babylon, when they never after relapsed into that transgression. The first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans depicts the state of the ancient

morality at the appearance of Him who, in His incarnation, merits, sufferings, example, death, resurrection and intercession, is the Foundation of Morals.

It is the province of the theologian to unfold such mysteries respecting the adorable Being who was born into the world in the reign of Augustus, and crucified under Tiberius Cæsar, as are comprehensible by finite minds. It is the duty of the preacher, who declares how the Gospel of Christ is the "power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth," to dwell upon the vicarious sacrifice by which alone it was pleasing to God the Creator to become God the Redeemer, and, in the plenitude of his goodness, to restore man to forfeited favor, fitting him for the companionship of angels, and the light of His countenance, in a blessed immortality. My business will be, having cleared away the rubbish, which too many, building on, have been ruined, to intrude into no one's province, but indicate the secure Foundation of Morals; which the censorious may cavil at, the skeptic sneer at, the giddy, gay, ungodly, take exception to, and perhaps the men of better minds and hearts may say was not just *needed*, or, if so, not from me, but which the man of sincere heart and enlightened understanding will find something to profit by—and such are the most merciful judges ever.

## CHAPTER IV.

"'Tis education forms the tender mind;
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

Every man, arrived at the years of accountability, proposes some plan, as well for his business in life as for self-governance. Those who have mingled much with men, and know the world, will feel the force of the remark. There is no one, whatever he may seem, and however he may affect indifference, entirely without a desire to stand well in the estimation of others. This sentiment, so fraught with ill effects under certain circumstances, is, on the whole, not to be repressed, but rather properly directed. Custom, fashion, habit, too often set the standard of morals; and many there are who, were it not for offending against these, would follow without a bridle their inclinations, and rush in the direction of their passions, with no compunction of conscience whatever. When one has grown to man's estate, he sees the different objects around him, and scans them with a curious eye. The restraint of boyhood is withdrawn. A path, pleasing and full of novelty, unfolds itself before

his dazzled vision. He has a monitor within that warns; but, if no well-directed education has guarded him against the temptations in the slippery paths of youth, he is likely to fall into the pitfalls that surround him. But the matter is more likely to be compromised; the plan proposed will not answer the ways ordained by the usages of society, with which to keep on good terms, a show must be made, and, exteriorly, the code of society is his code of morality. Fortunately, the morals of society, at the present day, are not low; for though the standard of morals is not so often recognized as should be, yet enough morality is left in the world to keep people at least within the bounds of decency and decorum. If these things form the foundation of morals, then they can only be expected to be better than in heathen times by so much as an oblique ray of Christianity is better than all the lights of heathenism. The morals that are founded on the example of society only, are next to none at all. No one will mistake here, and think the benefits of good examples depreciated. No mere man has ever been in all respects a fit subject for imitation, much less a number of men. This mistake lies here, that most persons think they have done enough if they keep up appearances, and do as they see others do. This has kept many a man

honest, and many a woman virtuous. In a future chapter the example fit for imitation will be shown; at present, a few considerations will be offered respecting popular education. The following is an extract from the manuscript of an accomplished and judicious lady, who possesses a very sound knowledge of the subject:

"The present and future influence of women is a most serious and important subject, and one too little reflected on by parents, and less by those upon whose sound virtues this influence depends. The question is, for what end was woman placed here? To judge from the gay feminine butterflies that flutter in the atmosphere of fashion and folly, leaving behind them all the evils which they have imbibed from the artificial training which parental vanity and folly (if not wickedness) can accomplish, by the present system of entrusting their daughters to the care of those who 'profess' to make accomplished young ladies in a given period, it would seem as if women were destined to please the eye, amuse the ear, and be one of the elegant appendages of the salon. If she could be kept alone, for the purpose, as in an oriental establishment, she would not be so injurious; but this gay insect is too often most *eager* to reign in an empire of her own, as wife and mother, to say nothing of her

as a daughter and sister. When once invested with this 'Queendom,' then what must be her annoyances and mortifications to discover her utter ignorance and unfitness for the duties devolving on her in her eagerly sought responsibilities; then she, when too late, awakens to the realities of life, regrets the result of her superficial and useless education. She must suffer, and not *alone;* for those whose happiness she has in her keeping must be sacrificed, for she has not been taught in early life obedience, habits of self-control; and, not having the domestic virtues cultivated, is not calculated to make a household happy, but will often prove a domestic scourge. A saving Providence may be extended over her; but a long series of agonies is gone through, by all connected with her, or dependent on her, before this ordeal is passed. Were woman educated with a right appreciation of her duties and mission, she would then be enabled to fulfill her legitimate destiny, and prove a blessing to her family and an ornament to society, not, as is too often the case, a reproach to her sex. The aberrations and misdemeanors of women have a very different effect from those of men. Woman is the great exemplar and keeper of the social virtues, and delinquency in one reacts on the whole; for, from her who was last at the Cross and first

at the Tomb, we expect more than from that sex that betrayed and crucified: therefore, woman should be early taught to realize the moral position which she holds. And in no country is it more important to keep her elevated to her proper standard than in this; as here, from mothers, are the future legislators and protectors of the land to receive their moral training and first principles.

"Surely, the giddy and thoughtless showy girls, now coming forward to take their place in society, are not fitted to fulfill such a mission. The evil is an increasing and fearful one. Not alone for the present generation, but to extend far in the future, for on the women of this country depends its future weal or woe; and every true woman and faithful parent should bear the fact in mind, that their daughters are not to be trained for a Circassian market, but to be faithful guardians of their homes and firesides. The word 'home' will soon be a misnomer—the French have no such word; let Americans take heed, lest with the *word* the *spirit* of home will depart. Let the education of woman combine all the accomplishments which it may be in the power of parents to have her taught, but with the moral training, so much more important and necessary for her happiness, and those whose well-being

will be entrusted to her. Too often, under the present system, the desire for display is so excited and stimulated, by the course pursued, that the *useful* is sacrificed to the *showy*. It is urged, by way of extenuation, that the parents frequently have wealth, gained by some sudden successful speculation, or intense application to gain, which creates in them an ambition to give their children a fashionable position, which they themselves have not nor are fitted for by education; therefore, the more desirous of using every means to make up for the deficiency they feel, by giving their offspring into the hands of these educational charlatans—the bitter fruits of which they have, in utter contempt, disobedience, and defiance! a just retribution, for, if the home influence is not of a healthful character, and the social virtues cultivated by parents, they must not complain if children prove rebellious. Piety in woman is her crowning grace; and is that imparted by those now intrusted with the heads and hearts of the rising generation? Look to it, American parent! As you *sow*, so shall you reap; unfortunately, not you alone, but generations yet to come.

"Let it be said of American women, 'Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.'

"Then our Union is safe, for honest men will be reared by true-hearted women, to execute the laws and protect the land."

---

## CHAPTER V.

### THE GREAT EXAMPLE.

Physiologists tell us that the tripod of life are the head, heart, and lungs. So spiritual life cannot exist without religion, morality, and piety. The first brings man back from the paths of folly and error's maze to his Maker. The second, like the heart, is the centre of the spiritual system. The last is the respiratory organ, by which the breath of the Almighty is inhaled into the soul, and the devout aspiration of the spirit wafted to heaven. These might, like faith, hope, and charity, be considered as the means by which man reaches the portals of eternal life. In the foregoing pages several different phases of human life have been glanced at, indicating life's trials, that the reward of virtue is not upon earth, that a Providence ever watchful and kind directs human affairs, and that human actions cannot, by any conventional usages or inherent excellence, be

such as to commend them to the Great Author of Nature, without aid from the Fountain of Mercy. JESUS CHRIST is the great example of all morality. All the morals of society, without such a foundation to build upon, are no more exalted than the systems of Plato and other old philosophers. The Redeemer of man is the only one that can be taken as a pure example. He is the Sun of Righteousness, all others are but reflected lights. In him centre all the virtues that can make our nature lovely. To him must be referred all the actions of the creature; and they are pure or impure, good or evil, as they are seen in comparison with His life immaculate, and as far surpassing Adamic or angelic purity as the finite in perfection is surpassed by the infinite. This, then, is the World's Battle: to wage unceasing war, not only against evil influences outwardly, but with the foes within; to subject all the passions and affections, all the desires and inclinations to the one rule, and build our hopes of victory on the Christian system, as the secure, real, true, and sole foundation of morality. Men in ancient and in modern times have tried it, but other foundation can no man lay but that is laid, CHRIST JESUS. He is the Alpha and Omega. All man's hopes of virtuous action and moral purity, all his aspirations to the skies, as well

as his efforts to rise above the level of his sinful and utterly helpless state, must be by the aid and example of Him "who came to seek and to save that which was lost." This is the Fountain from whence flows, as well as the foundation on which rests, all the morality which is worth the name. For, to suppose any thing else, would be to imagine the example of Christ in vain, His sufferings purposeless, and his vicarious sacrifice of none effect. The doctrine of forgiveness was never taught till propounded by the immaculate Being whose example was found conformable to the precepts He inculcated — whose enemies shared the benefits of his intercession, "Father, forgive them." Compare this with the heathenism of Cicero, who says, "that the man who *forgives* an injury, or will not *resent* it, is as worthy of blame as he who deserts his aged parents." Even in our own day, gentlemen (!) of refinement and education will accommodate each other with what the world calls *satisfaction*, which consists in staking the life of one against the life of the other. How hard it is to forgive an injury—not to say a deadly injury, but even a trivial one, an insult or so! How often has it drawn out the revolving pistol and the bowie knife, in every State in the Union! How often has the want of forgiveness blighted character, and laid do-

mestic hearths desolate! How many hearts has it broken, whose pulsations, through a cold look, or a reproachful word, were silent forever! No man can attain to the pitch of moral perfection so as to say, "That man has done me a deadly and irreparable injury, but I forgive him from the bottom of my heart," without the aid of Christianity, and the spirit of its Author. But he is taught to go further. He must "pray for those who despitefully use and persecute" him. Enemies are to be objects of love to the injured party. Such is the injunction. How beautiful a trait in a man's moral character, to be able to follow the example set before him, as freely to forgive. I wish we had *more* of this. This is one part of the grand contest we are engaged in, to get the mastery over ourselves. Is it an easy thing to do? By no means. It is very difficult, and needs aid from above, which, if obtained, will change the lion into the lamb; that is to say, it will cleanse the heart from the foul fiend, and fill it with the spirit of meekness.

If a man wants to live chastely in this world, he must not follow the examples afforded by society. "What," says one, "do you *mean?*" I mean, my dear sir, or madam, that the chastity of society is no more the morals taught by Jesus Christ than the beautiful glass imitations in the

jeweler's window are the diamonds they represent, some of which are priceless, and among which one, not the greatest, is, from its rare brilliancy, called the Mountain of Light.

The pure in heart are few, but they are pronounced blessed. It is to be hoped there are some who are laying restraints upon passion and following good ways; but, if so, it is because they follow Christ and not Society, or what commonly is called the World.

The Golden Rule, to do as we would be done by, is a Christian precept. Is it not every day neglected and trampled upon? Truly, for all the boasts about the advancement of civilization and refinement, enlightenment, and that very artificial state called "good breeding," there is "precious little" of this to be seen; but when the different interests of parties come athwart each other, most men will follow the course prescribed by their own immediate interests. From hence arise corruption, bribery, frauds, false pretenses, abuse of trusts, forgeries, and such like, at once an injury to others and an indelible disgrace to the parties offending. Swearing is prohibited, even in the most inoffensive form of it. The Decalogue forbade it; the Fulfiller of the Law said, "Swear not at all." It certainly is not a gentlemanly practice, and, it is to be hoped, will

be soon exclusively confined to a class who, from the noise and disturbance they make, or the *roues* they get up, have got a new word introduced into and naturalized in our tongue, being called *Rowdies*. The Great Example shows one whose language was as pure as the ideas expressed—whose words were full of wisdom as of goodness, so that on one occasion "the people wondered at the gracious words that proceeded out of His mouth." There is need that a man should use, in all things, moderation or temperance, which not only means a proper use of beverages, liquors, and such like, but that restraint upon all the appetites, of what kind soever, as is convenient for physical, intellectual, and spiritual health. Indulgence is a bad thing in every sense of the word. It is bad for the body: it destroys its health. It is bad for the mind: it clouds its intellect. It is bad for the soul, for it shuts it out from the joys of life eternal. This is another of our enemies in the World's Battle, and can only be vanquished by our own efforts to second the gracious influences that the most imperfect of us, at times, has vouchsafed him.

Dissipation, a common evil of these times, draws many young persons into the vortex, where they, it is to be feared, are likely to be swallowed up — being shipwrecked when they

have lost the pilotage of morality and the pearl of virtue. The only chance of safety is to leave off evil ways, and turn with full purpose of heart and contrite tears to the paths of peace. Fondness for dress and what is called fashions, being a conformity to the maxims of the world, is a growing evil. At no former period in this country has the evil approached such an extravagant height as now. It is not a good sign of the times. Wealth and national prosperity bring in luxury and extravagance; display and vain show —the specious rather than the useful — is the aim; and by these means injury is done permanently.

There is good being done, however. Organizations are formed for mitigating the sorrows of mortality. The poor are fed and clothed. Their condition ameliorated. Medicine for soul and body is procured—"a balm for every wound." Associations for young men are springing up of a praiseworthy character, in which they improve one another and the society in which they move. Institutions are increasing of a charitable character, for the benefit of "the poor, the maimed, the halt, and the blind." Edifices for divine worship are rising in the land, and large moneys cheerfully given to spread the Gospel of salvation in our own and far distant nations.

The morals of the clergy are generally pure in our age, and precept and example in sweetest harmony. The arts and sciences flourish, with agriculture, and all that conduces to the comfort of the race; while education is vastly improved, and the physician capable of grappling with the most frightful forms of disease. The places of amusement are changed vastly for the better, and the drama has ceased to raise the blush. A better feeling exists toward foreign nations, and friendly relations are preserved. The laws are founded in justice, and mercifully executed. The judge, "a terror to evil doers, and a praise to such as do well."

The age is better than the last, and the morals of society improved; but, to urge the onward way, to rise above self, to cultivate moral sentiments in view of the Great Example, to curb, restrain, cradicate, annihilate principles of evil and follow only the good, the pure, the heaven-born: This, this is THE WORLD'S BATTLE.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE OBJECTION.

The reader who has taken the trouble to peruse the foregoing pages, will hardly fail to agree with most of the sentiments they contain. The course pursued was such as most men would admit to be consistent with experience; namely, the very uncertain nature of human events, the fact that all men are disappointed in their hopes, more or less; and the truism, that the rewards of the just are not in the present state but in a future, free from pain and sorrow, as from human infirmity. An attempt was made to call attention to some of life's changes, and a consideration of the example by which the sincere of purpose may be led, as a child by the hand, in the way he should go. There are not many who could read any thing on these matters without some profit, for their application is general; and, however imperfectly put forth, they would make some impression. The fact that all have "to fight the good fight," is the reason why the work is called The World's Battle; and the present chapter is called The Objection, because it anticipates the

objection that men have in general to fight against the enemies of their peace. The writer has, in many different climes, been witness to the various interests that rule mankind. It has been his lot in life to fight the World's Battle, in many instances, alone. Within two years of the age whose double is the "threescore years and ten" which the inspired volume gives as almost the utmost bounds of life, he feels that it is time to be aiming after wisdom, and laying up treasure where "moth and rust doth not corrupt, and where thieves cannot break through nor steal." Many may read what is here written, when the hand is dust that traced these lines, and the worm revels in the bony concavity that now contains the brain, the wondrous instrument of the mind whose busy thought can range the wide domain of the past, survey the passing scene, and pursue the winding mazes that lead far into the mysterious future. To a man conscious of this, feeling that he has a work to do that must be done in a given time or left undone, and that the issue is eternal happiness or endless pain, what remains but to be up and doing, "to work while it is called day"? The objection that people have, is presented under various aspects, suited to age, sex, and circumstance; but the same in all. It is intended to trace it in different phases, and to

point out how fatal it is to the best interests of human kind. The substance of the matter consists in a refusal to comply with the terms by which a change may be effected in the heart and affections of an individual, without which he remains as he was, utterly unfit for the society of the blessed, in the land where nothing unclean can find entrance. The objection arises from a carnal nature, and is so hard to overcome, that nothing but Omnipotence can remove it.

The young man in the Gospel, who wanted to follow the right way, and was so perfect as to seem to lack nothing, yet wanted much, as appeared from the test our Saviour applied. He was required to sell all he had and give to the poor, to lay up treasure in heaven, and follow Jesus. The objection here was in a form very often assumed, and that has great influence with the most of persons in our day, similarly situated, who, when required to fight the World's Battle, turn cowards, and, instead of gaining the victory by sacrificing self, depart very sorrowful, for, like the young nobleman, they are very rich. And yet, how uncertain are riches! While these words are being written, the country is but slowly recovering from one of those financial revulsions that have broken down great fortunes, suspended banks, closed the doors of princely merchants, an-

nihilated confidence, arrested the wheels of commerce, silenced the hum of industry, and given the world to feel that the millions of the wealthy may perish. How little to be depended on is the treasure a man lays up here below, let the miserable objects brought low by the loss of the riches in which they trusted declare. Out of all the splendor of that magnificent establishment, all the piles of gold and silver, all the silks of China, all the rich shawls of India and Cashmere, with the profusion flung into the lap of luxury, scattering the perfumes of Arabia with "barbaric pearl and gold," how small a proportion was spent in charity! These people had little for to give to the noble charities that philanthropy raises for the aid of the suffering poor. The Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Asylums, the Houses of Industry, the Homes for Friendless Children, the Hospitals that receive into their friendly shades the sick and wounded—all these institutions for the good of suffering humanity were little the better for the thousands of dollars now lost to the purse-proud possessor. The same might be said of the support of the Gospel, and the maintenance of the servants of Christ who labor for him, and are worthy of their hire. If the riches lost had done good, if they had been properly used, if they had given bread to the hungry instead of ministering

to vanity, lust, or ambition, how different would it be now that they have taken to themselves wings to flee away! These had no time for religion. God was not in all their thoughts; every nerve was strained in the service of the god of this world, and all their offerings laid on the altar of Fashion, as, amid the odors of incense, they bowed at her shrine! These people lived for the world. They grew fat. It did not seem any pleasure to think of the true riches, of whose excellence they may think in the day of adversity; and, not cumbered by the load that once oppressed them, in losing their estates may save their souls, which are far more valuable, judging by their quality, and the price paid for them.

---

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE OBJECTION.—PRIDE.

"Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defense,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense."

PRIDE cast down mighty angels from heaven. The Prince of darkness was once a glorious seraph, and exulted in the fruition of the unclouded glo-

ries that surround the throne of the Eternal. The consciousness of pride brought forth the acts of rebellion for which he was expelled with "the myriads of immortal spirits, powers matchless but with the Almighty." Partakers of endless darkness, banished from the face of God forever, and confined in unutterable woe, the chief of the rebel host accomplished the ruin of our first parents, who, in the breach of the Divine command, "brought death into the world, and all our woe, with loss of Eden." Original sin, in consequence, adheres to the nature of man. Man, first made in the image of God, became corrupt. His soul was tainted with the leprosy of sin; and, as some diseases of the body are continued from the parent to the offspring, so the sin of Adam is inherited by his fallen sons. The judgment of man, too, is perverted, so that he is prone to choose the evil rather than the good; and being sent into the world to be educated for heaven, he is wont to forget he is but a sojourner, and, instead of seeking God as his chief good, to place his affections on the things of earth, that "perish in the using." This is why so few men care about perfecting their moral nature. They cannot tell the difference between the toys of this world, and the "pearl of great price"; nor the pleasures of spiritual delights, in comparison with the down-

ward tendencies of their appetites. The natural man, fallen as he is from God, knows not the things of the Spirit, whose gracious influences would lead him into the path of safety. He thinks spiritual things foolish; unable to learn them, for they are spiritually discerned. Man is morally blind from his birth. He is in open, or implied, opposition to God. He cannot be otherwise, for he is born in sin, and his Maker is infinitely pure.

Besides the fallen and corrupt nature in man, the original Tempter is permitted, by inscrutable wisdom, to present fierce temptations, whereby he becomes a wanderer from the true path. He is filled with pride, has a high notion of himself, and vainly thinks to clear himself in His presence who is so strict in purity, and exalted in holiness, that "He chargeth his angels with folly." This pride is a sad enemy to man. It is deeply rooted, and can hardly ever be taken away. It seems to be eradicated, but, like some malignant diseases, returns after extirpation. What man has to do with pride is strange. A beggar might be proud of his bag, or a thief of his plunder, or a soldier that, when his fallen foe asked his life, he struck off his head! That *man* should be proud is a curious thing. The fallen spirit who tempted him might be proud, for he was endowed with

majesty and beauty, strength and immortality; he might be proud of his cunning, too, though it does him little credit. But man, his dupe, for him to be proud is the height of absurdity. And yet pride rules us all. It cleaves to us nearly to the last, and hardly departs from saint or sinner till the icy hand of death touches him with the last chill. The devil laughs at our folly, while he adds fuel to the fire that inflames our pride. He throws in an incense called flattery; he stupefies us with its fumes; and, as if not dark enough by nature, blinds us. You see that fat, sleek, jolly looking man of middle age, just passing. Mark his self-complacency. The treasures of the world are his; the costly luxuries of the gorgeous East, and the productions of other climes fill his costly house. He hardly knows his riches. He has large funded property, large shares in railway stocks, broad acres in east and west. He is a liberal, generous, kind man; few are better; but he is proud! Pride blinds his eyes.

There goes a man who has not a dollar. He never had one, at least not to spare; yet he gave many a one to the poor, and has been known to give away his dinner. He is a ripe scholar, an excellent critic, a true patriot, and a good man. He would die rather than do a mean action. But his failing is pride, pride in his rectitude. The

devil can't do much with him, however, for he has but the one fault, and knows it, while, with a true fervor of devotion, he prays and watches against it. Observe that beautiful young lady. She looks rather too fair for mortal. There is something almost supernatural in her loveliness. The poet or the painter would find her a study. She is graceful as lovely, elegant as costly in attire. She is as accomplished as beautiful, and her mind rather superior to her person. How amiable her temper, how full of kindness her disposition! Her innocence is spotless. What is she, then? An angel? O dea certe! Alas! no. She is the delight of a large and fashionable circle. Parents doat on her. The world smiles on her. The poor bless her. She is not vain. See, her adornment is simple. There is nothing more distasteful to her than flattery. It excludes from her presence. But, the man of her choice, he whom she loves in exchange for an unalterable affection, by a mutual misunderstanding, is banished, and her most precious affections are sacrificed to her pride

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE OBJECTION.—PRIDE, CONTINUED.

Pride finds its way into families, makes slaves of the parents, and leads the children captive. All is made to bend to appearances. Semblances must be kept up. No one must be more fashionable; and, to cope with a neighbor having twice the income, an effort must be made, such as distended the frog. It is not what is right, but what people will say, that is cared about. It would be a sad thing not to look as elegant at the ball, or as splendid at the opera, as Mrs. Moonshine, or make as good a figure at church, where the Rev. Mr. Preachfine edifies the congregation, whose smooth oratory tickles the fancy of Miss Amelia Newnovel or Madam Tittletat, without at all disturbing the easy nap of the godly Mr. Dwellatease, or the golden dreams of his friend Centpercent. Pride! oh, Pride! Pride! Thou verily overthrowest the mightiest mortals. The monarch of Babylon fell by thee. By thee the Jewish legislator fell at the waters of Meram. Good Hezekiah fell by thy power, on displaying the riches of the kingdom. David

numbered the people, and trusted to his power instead of his God, and by thee he fell. Even the holy St. Paul had to contend against thy potent sway over human nature, and found he could not depend on himself, as did St. Peter in confidence too soon vanquished.

The pride that blinded the Jews, and prevented their beholding the moral excellence of the Saviour's teaching, and his eternal power and Godhead, caused them to feel ashamed at the humility that clothed him in the garb of a servant, while their wicked hearts made choice of a murderer, and their voice cried, "Not this man, but Barabbas!" Pride rules now, as then. To go to church once a week is respectable in our day, for Christianity is the religion of the land. But the meekness and humility of Jesus are as far from his professed followers, in the great majority of instances, as from the Jews, who required a *sign*, and the Greeks, who sought after a wisdom that regarded the story of the Cross as an absurdity, and justification by faith in a man that was dead as the ravings of a madman. They were like Naaman, who, being told by the prophet to go and wash three times in Jordan, in order to be cured of his leprosy, was in a rage, and said, "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? Why

not go and wash in them and be clean?" The Greeks never could bring themselves down to sit at the feet of Jesus. They listened to Socrates and Plato, and gave ear to the hoggish Epicurus; but the teachings of the Gospel had less easy access; and while as profound a reasoner as themselves declared the means of salvation as through Christ, in hearing of their sages, they said, "What will this babbler say?"

So at present, the pride of man turns to infidelity. He grows self-sufficient, and, like Empedocles, who threw himself into the flames of Ætna, in order to be considered a god, so man, in the plenitude of pride and power, would scorn his fellows, and try to be at least a demi-god. Few of the meek now would bear an injury without resenting it. Few of the humble, who call themselves "the chief of sinners," would let any one else do it; and sanctity has been made the cloak in whose ample folds the adulterer, thief, and swindler have found concealment. Pride, too, has gone into the pulpit, has even peeped out of the sleeve of the clergy, and been seen to flit over the sermon delivered, or hide itself behind the priestly robes. It has appeared in rich congregations, when the collection has been taken up, or when the paper was handed round that gave scope for ostentation. It delights to bor-

row the garments of humility, and has been chased from Dorcas societies. It has even mingled with the devotions of the saints, and hid itself in the very language of supplication. If a man is honored or appreciated, if he gets a compliment ever so little, he feels *proud;* and this is not thought a sin, for at public meetings, in speeches, men are not ashamed to acknowledge it. There is, indeed, a proper pride, a pride of worth—one that has its basis in humility and self-abasement, that rejoices not in strength, riches, wisdom, beauty, or any thing earthly, but in the things that are spiritual, and founded on faith in Christ. Truth, virtue, piety, faith, hope, love, are things to be proud of; but these not because we may think we possess them, but on account of the victory they give us here, and the glory hereafter. Pride, that has its source in worldly vanity, "goes before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

This is the objection to Christ. We cannot have Christ and the world at the same time. We cannot at once serve God and Mammon. This keeps people back. They do not strive to conquer pride. It grows stronger and stronger. It resists grace, quenches the Spirit, and puts off religion till a dying hour, because it is not fashionable to be religious, or to talk of piety, or to be

concerned about saving the soul. And so the devil deludes, lulls conscience by the cunningly-administered opiates of false security, and leads the trembling spirit to the beetling cliff, whose fearful apex frowns over the dark waves of the boundless sea—Eternity.

Hark! a sound is borne on the breeze—the shouts of warriors fill the caverns of despair with resounding echoes. A resolute band of heroes rush on the foe, and pursue the flying ranks that dread the swords of the mighty 'neath the banner of the Cross. Awake, O sleeper! arouse and join the conquering hosts in the World's Battle.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE NATURE AND IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Anima, vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque corporis;
Quo nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec ut soles, dabis jocos.

*Adrian to his Soul.*

"Poor little, pretty, fluttering thing,
Must we no longer live together?
And must thou prune thy trembling wing,
To take thy flight, thou know'st not *whither?*
Thy pleasing vein, thy humorous folly,
Lie all neglected, all forgot,
And, pensive, sad, and melancholy,
Thou hop'st and fear'st, thou know'st not *what.*"

It is an observation of Cicero, in his work De Officiis, that every subject should set out with the definition of it; but my opinion is, had he been asked to define what the *soul* is, he would have been a good deal puzzled. And surely no one will expect me to be possessed of more critical acumen and niceness of distinction than Cicero. At the same time, I have a great many advantages over him; and though I may not attempt to define what the soul is, in so many

words, I have a good hope that no person will have any difficulty in absence of a regular definition, but will understand the subject as well, if not better, without one.

I confess, indeed, that it would afford me great pleasure to be able to accommodate the reader with a definition that would be full and to the point; but, being quite too ignorant for this purpose, I deem it preferable to attempt nothing without a prospect of success. After this ingenuous confession, the less inquisitive will be in a degree satisfied; and those who are more curious can ask their clergy what the *soul* is; and if these gentlemen answer them in a few words, it will show, what no doubt is the case, that they know much more about the subject than *I* do.

But if any one thinks I do not understand it, I hope to show such an one that he is very much mistaken; and, to all, I hope it will seem best that I make no attempt to say the soul is exactly such and such, and so, and nothing else. For no definition, I take it, can exactly be correct; whereas, by descriptions, by comparisons and analogies, this interesting but otherwise dark and mysterious subject, unfolds itself to view with as much clearness as the present mode of our human existence admits of.

The wide universe consists of two substances,

and two only, but different as light and darkness. These are *matter* and *spirit*, or matter and mind, or matter and soul, if you choose to say so, for spirit, mind, and soul are, in many instances, identical; and, in the present work, the word soul will often mean either, being the immaterial substance in man, possessed of independent existence, endowed with immortality. Some may object to my use of the word substance as applied to that which is immaterial; but Locke, in The Essay on the Human Understanding, justifies the use of it; and it is also so used by Drew in his Treatise on the Immateriality and Immortality of the Soul. A spiritual substance is an essence or existence not dependent on matter, and in this sense may stand for entity or existence.

It has been stated that matter and mind are all that have existence in the universe. Matter is any substance which enters into the composition of a body; and, under every modification, it has certain properties essential to it. These are, *solidity*, *magnitude*, and *figure*. Matter, without these, cannot exist. Take any one away, and you destroy the whole. For, let the object be cube, globe, square, or parallelopiped; let it be rhomboid, lozenge, parallelogram, or any other figure, it must have *solidity*. As such, it must needs occupy *space;* and, consequently, possess

*divisibility* and *extension*. Assume the atomic theory, and let it be divided by the geometrician or the chemist till it fades from the naked eye, and is invisible to the microscope that magnifies as many thousand diameters—yet must the invisible atom have magnitude, though almost infinitely small: and form or figure is one of its attributes *still*. Divide it *yet* into the most impalpable powder, and fancy that again divided continually; yet the properties before mentioned adhere to it, till it quite disappears from the subtlest efforts of our imaginations. Yet how inert is matter! Held down by the *vis inertiæ*, a body will remain in its place long as the world lasts, if not put in motion by some dynamic force. Even then, the resistance of earth or air, its own gravity, and a variety of other causes, will arrest the force of the most formidable projectile that ever engineer hurled from the thundering appliances of warfare, or that ever demolished a city wall, or shook the firmest bastion of an impregnable fortress. The largest planet that rolls in space, and performs its revolution in any number of years, gliding through the endless rounds of duration, and describing circles of perpetual motion, would have been at a stand forever, had not motive power first impressed it; and, once in motion, it will move forever, unless some exte-

rior force arrests its progress. The fiery comet that pursues its shining, dreadful track, is under certain exterior guidance, and moves in its erratic orbit by the guiding force that directs its slightest progress.

In the various combinations of *matter*, therefore, there is inertness; and no principle within itself whereby it can act, but always exteriorly it must be acted upon.

Hear what a heathen poet, near two thousand years ago, says about Creation, according to his tradition, and the views entertained by the sages of his day.

I translate a few lines from the first Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses:

"In the beginning, the sea and earth, and the sky that covered the whole, exhibited one uniform aspect of nature throughout the world, which is denominated Chaos, a rude and indigested mass, with nothing at all but a sluggish weight, and the discordant elements of things heaped up together in confusion. No sun as yet afforded light to the world, nor did the moon by increment fill her horn; nor did the earth, poised by its own weight, hang in the circumambient air; nor the sea extend its arms along the distant coasts. Wherever earth was, in the same place existed sea and air. Consequently, the earth was not

fit to be trodden on (unstable), the sea unnavigable, and the sky void of light. Nothing had its proper form. One thing stood opposed to another, because in the same discord the cold elements were at variance with the hot, the moist with the dry, soft with hard, and the heavy with light weight."

All bodies in Nature may be divided into two classes, the *inorganic* and the *organic* or *organized*. The first comprehends the mineral kingdom, the last the vegetable and animal. The first class is governed by the laws of physics, and the last is under the control of vitality and intelligence, together with physics. And the distinctions between these, as well as the line of demarkation that divides them, are not always easy to define, for their extremes merge into each other insensibly. No one, indeed, would mistake a crystal for a flower, or confound a tree with a quadruped; but it is not always so easy to distinguish a coral from the rock to which it is attached, or between a vegetable and the lowest polypus with scarce a rudiment of animality.

The *organic* and *inorganic*, however, differ 1. *In form.* In organic bodies, the shape is always determinate for every species and race, though individuals may differ somewhat. In inorganic, however, there is either no shape at all,

or else the forms are crystals, bounded by angles and straight lines. 2. Organized bodies always spring from a parent or germ; inorganic from mere increase of particles of matter, by means of cohesion or chemical affinity. 3. They differ too in internal structure. Organic bodies are made up of different parts or organs, of which each has a different texture, and the union of the whole is required to make the being perfect; but a crystal, being inorganic, can be divided into a thousand fragments, and yet each will, though a small atom, perfectly represent the original. 4. The *size* of an inorganic body may be of any magnitude, great or small, but in organized beings there usually are certain limits, not often deviated from. 5. In *chemical composition* the elements entering into the composition of an organic body being few compared with those of the inorganic. Of the sixty-two simple elements in the inorganic kingdom, about eighteen only belong to organic bodies; and of these only four are *essential*, carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen.

In all forms of matter, organic and inorganic, there is no *consciousness*, no *thinking* power. There is no thinking or sensation in a *stone*. In like manner, there is no consciousness, thinking,

or sensation in the human body, when the life—the breath—the mind—the soul has left it.

The Roman historian Sallust says: "All our strength consists in mind and body. We make more use of the empire of the mind than the energies of the body; the first we share with the Deity, the last with brutes." And again, in another place, he says: "The mind is at once the general and prince of the life of mortals; for, as the human race have a body and soul, so all things and all our pursuits, whatever they may be, follow the nature of the body or that of the mind." The remainder of this passage I will translate when I come to treat of the *Immortality* of the Soul.

There is a something in man that does not belong to the body—nay, is exceedingly *distinct* from it; and it is as dissimilar *to* it as distinct *from* it. What is it, then? What is its *nature?* Does it exist independently of the body, and of all matter, and time, and space; or, the companion of the body, will it end when animal *life* is extinct? That is the *point.* That is the *question.* It is that I have to *consider.*

May the great Author of our being shine upon our intellectual and moral nature in beams of heavenly love, and while astonishment and admiration fill the utmost capacities of us all, make our

efforts a hymn of praise to Himself, the Adonah Elohim, world without end!

Matter, as every one knows, is destructible. The loftiest monuments of human industry, the most stupendous works of man, sink under the hand of time.

"In Venice, Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless Gondolier;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear.
Those days are gone—but beauty still is here.
States fall, arts fade, but Nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy."

Greece and Rome have had their day. Like the mighty empires of old, their glories are prostrate in the dust. The *body* of man, more fragile than his works, has perished. Its particles have been scattered in ten thousand millions of atoms to the four winds. The generations of men have disappeared one after another, and a human life is cut off every second of time, while, in the same point of duration, another being is born into the world. *Homer* has a fine comparison of the life of man:

"As leaves on trees, the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now with'ring on the ground;

Another race the following Spring supplies;
They fall successive, and successive rise;
Thus generations in their course decay,
So flourish *these*, while those are passed away."

And, speaking of the bodies of some who were in their day the greatest ornaments to society, in one of the most refined ages of mankind, we may ask,

"Ancient of days! august Athæna, where,
Where are thy men of might, thy grand in soul?
Gone,—glimmering through the dream of things that were.
First in the race that led to glory's goal,
They won—then passed away."

They did indeed! Passed away from earth, and time, and those things that, like their bodies, were fit only for the moth and the worm. "They slept the sleep that knows not waking." They reached "that bourne from which no traveler returns." "They were gathered to their fathers." What then? They ended their race. That mysterious thing, or being, or monster, or whatever bugbear it is, that frightens folks, which the Greeks call *θάνατος*, the Latins *mors*, and the English *death*, carried them captives away. Even death could not destroy the matter of their bodies. The corn now grows where Troy once stood. The earth holds the dust of Cheops,

though his monument is not seen. The ensanguined plain has yielded nutriment to the husbandman; and the very phosphorus in his bones and nerves and brain may have come from that of the slain of a former generation! Philosophy teaches us that no particle of matter is lost. It assumes a new form. Pass electricity through water; it is decomposed: the hydrogen escapes, and the oxygen goes to the zinc or metal to form an oxyde of the same. Can it be thought, then, that Homer and Hesiod, Hippocrates and Galen, Plato and Socrates, have ceased to exist when life ended? Are Moses and Confucius, Zoroaster and Pythagoras, extinct? Is Demosthenes become a nonentity, and Cicero annihilated? "Our fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live forever?" Let us *inquire*.

There is that in man that has no property such as his body has. It is not solid; you cannot weigh or measure it. You cannot touch, taste, or handle it. It has no magnitude, is not great or small, except by a figurative sense. It possesses no divisibility or extension. It exists in the body, no doubt. It looks out through different windows of the body, it may be; and it may make a faithful servant of the body, causing it to act at its command for good or evil: but its *nature* is as much different *from* and *superior to*

the body, as its origin may claim to be. On close scrutiny, we find it has several very curious attributes, of which *consciousness* of its own existence may be said to rank in the first place. Indeed, it seems to be necessary to its existence. By this property, inherent in him, man comes to know he exists; and this being, so to speak, a rallying point, many other faculties unite with it, and form together what the human race, from different notions, call, in various languages, by various names, but which in all are very much the same in reality. Hence, you will find how absurd it would be to define that which, in its nature, is so complicated, and so much more easy to conceive than define. The immaterial principle in man is called in Greek θυμὸς, from θύω, to move violently: a good idea, as implying the constant and ever restless activity of mental operations. This word is used by them to mean the breath, soul, mind, heart, life; and from hence, movement, impulse, inclination, appetite, affection, disposition, &c., &c. The Latins use the word *animus* in precisely the same sense, and derive it from ἄνεμος, the wind. The Greeks have another word for the same thing, called ψύχη, from ψύχω to breathe, which means the breath, life, soul, spirit; mind, reason, understanding; disposition, affections, &c., &c. This, it may be

observed, is like the word θυμὸς in most particulars. The Greek tongue is the original of the New Testament, and the most exact, copious, beautiful, and mellifluous language ever spoken. It has, besides those mentioned, another word significant of the immaterial principle in man, called πνεῦμα, from πνέω to blow, and means breathing, breath, respiration, aspiration; a blast, a gale, life, soul, a spirit; spiritual being, good or evil; the Holy Ghost, divinity, divine nature; works of the Spirit, religion, holiness, piety, virtue, integrity, innocence; disposition of the soul, understanding, mind, intellect, &c., &c. The Latin *anima* means the same, and stands for both ψύχη and πνεῦμα; both correspond to the English word life or soul, as the Greek θυμὸς, the Latin *animus*, and the English *mind*, are taken for the mental faculties generally, implying the intellectual powers, while the word soul, or spirit, has reference to the moral affections and spiritual essences in a disembodied state.

The Greeks use the word κῆρ, contracted from κεαρ, for the heart, the soul, the mind, spirit, &c., &c.; this corresponds to the Latin word *cor*, from which the latter is derived, and means the same thing as our word heart, so often taken for the mind, the soul and its affections. The Greeks besides express the same idea by the word φρὴν,

which means the mind, thought, intellect, understanding, sense, prudence; the heart, the breast; and the diaphragm, a muscle, the largest in the body, dividing the thorax from the abdomen. These different names all point the one way, and mean, with certain restrictions, one and the same thing. It seems almost certain that the heart was considered at least the centre of the affections.

The human mind, from its nature, cannot come into immediate contact *direct* with the exterior world: it must of necessity derive all its information through the avenues of the body, or, in other words, of special senses, five in number, viz.: sight, hearing, touch, taste, and smell. These sensibilities are entirely distinct from the mind, and limited to a special nervous apparatus for each sense, and hence called nerves of special sense, used for that purpose and none other. The brain is the instrument through which the mind acts; and it was formerly thought by some that it was the seat of the soul, which, according to Descartes, was said to reside in what is known to anatomists as the pineal gland. It is not my purpose or place at present to describe the Nervous System, however important it is to the mind, and however indispensable to vitality. This would come in very well in a physiological work.

Suffice to say, that the nerves are composed of a bundle of fibres, in a delicate sheath of white fibrous matter which invests it, called neurilemma. These nerves ramify to all parts of the body, and are without sensation themselves, though conductors of it; being like the electric wires for the transmission of messages. And, just as the electric spark runs along the wire with its message to different stations, so the idea runs along the nervous system of man, reaches the sensorium in the brain, adds *perception* to *consciousness*, and flashes thought along the convolutions of the cerebrum, giving rise to sensation and voluntary motion, and originating the action that may give an era to history, and revolutionize mankind!

How mysterious the fact that the human soul dwells in the human body, and is joined with it all the days of life! The one is matter; the other spirit. The one inert; the other active. The one the master; the other the servant. How can matter and spirit be joined? Ask the anatomist, who has examined the brain, the medulla oblongata, the medulla spinalis, the nerves of special sense, the afferent and the efferent; who can tell you how they ramify through the brain here, and the muscular texture there; how one set presides over the functions of animal life,

another over intellectual operations; how the great sympathetic system is joined to both—ask this wise man, who can point out every nerve in the complicated system, how the noble mind and ignoble body are joined, and he cannot tell. Ask the renowned physiologist, who can talk so eloquently about mental perception and reflex action, who experiments and discloses facts that fill us with amaze; ask him who knows so much of the vis nervosa, and talks so plausibly about the laws of vitality, and the correlation of forces; ask him how the subtile spirit of a man is wedded to his sluggish, heavy, unwieldy, though wondrously fashioned body; and this man of science and knowledge, of acumen and keen investigation, will shake his head in a dignified and significant manner, and, as a sigh escapes him, admit he cannot tell! Others may conceal their ignorance behind a cloud of words, or elude us by fine terms, as the chemists do when they tell us about Katalysis; but the truth is not made out, for no other reason that I know of than that of Uncle Toby—"because God would have it so." Yet, some vain men sneer at the doctrine of the Trinity, because their little minds cannot grasp the Infinite; and are too *proud* to bow to the sceptre of Elohim, because he is beyond their comprehension! Let them tell first how the

*soul* and *body* are *united*, a material organization and an immaterial spirit.

Body and mind are more nearly connected than enters into the dreams of most people's philosophy. If it is well with the mind, the body is likely to be in health in most cases. If the mind is depressed, the functions of health are impaired, and disease leads the victim to the grave. A healthy body has a great influence on the mind. It stimulates even the intellectual powers. It was a common saying of the ancients, *Sanus animus in sano corpore*—a sound mind in a sound body. I am now speaking of the mind as the centre and source of intellectuality. When I speak of the soul, it will be seen that no suffering or pain, joy or sorrow, can sway it; that it rises higher and higher in excellence, sublimity, and grandeur, will throw out sparks of illumination in the dissolution of its narrow house—

> "Will clap the glad wing and tower away,
> And mingle with the blaze of day!"

It is by examining the different attributes of the soul that we can see it, can know it, and understand it. We mentioned consciousness and perception, by which the mind or soul takes cognizance of objects presented, and this often, in the

first place, through the intervention of the senses, or, as I before explained, by means of the nerves of special sense. For example, you are conscious of your own existence. Very well. You know you are a man or a woman of certain years, as the case may chance to be. You know where you are, and you are conscious, we will suppose, that some one reads to you from this page. You are *conscious* of this. The word *conscious* is from *con* with, and *scio* to know. You therefore *know;* and this knowledge is connected with some other fact or idea in your mind. Now, then, as you listen, the words you listen to producing a certain articulate sound, the air is put in motion by certain vibrations; and these, by a variety of undulations, are carried toward the auditorius externus meatus of your ear, and this very curiously constructed organ impresses the sound on your tympanum, or ear drum, by which an impression is made on the seventh pair of nerves, called auditory, which conveys the sensation to the vesicular matter of the brain, and you *perceive* it. Hence, you understand the faculty of the mind or soul, called *perception.* You may gain perception by any of the other senses. Thus, as some one stands right in front of you, his form and features are distinctly painted on the retina of your eye; but not as you think, for

you think him standing on his feet, and so one would imagine; but, somehow or other, Science takes a queer view of things, and paints the image in an inverted position on the retina, which would make him stand on his head. An impression is made on the second pair of nerves, expanding into the retina, called optic, from *οπτοχιαί*, to see; and here again you have *perception.* The same perception may be in other cases conveyed by taste, smell, and touch. This is *mental perception.*

But, when you perceive a thing, some other idea springs up in your mind. You compare what you now hear with something you have heard before; you may think it strange, and perhaps do not quite agree with what you hear, and for some certain cause. If some one tells you this hour is twelve o'clock at noon, you do not assent, for your consciousness and perception tell you differently. You see also that there are candles, or the gas is lit, and therefore it cannot be noon. You wonder then whether what you hear is figurative or not; and if you find not, and it is asserted still it is noon, you come to the conclusion the person is either a false deceiver, mad, drunk, or crazy. Let me show you, then, that you laid down certain premises, compared facts by a certain operation of the mind called reason-

ing, came to a conclusion that the thing was not true, as contrary to the evidence of your senses, and therefore formed the conclusion which discovers that the human mind or soul, with the faculties of consciousness, perception, and reasoning, has also that of *judgment.* The way you arrived at it was this ; you laid down a syllogism in this way :

1. Whoever flatly asserts what is contrary to the known facts, must be a liar, mad, drunk, or crazy.

2. This man does make such assertion.

3. *Ergo:* This man is in such a condition.

The *Will* is that faculty of the soul that leaves man a free agent to do as he pleases. If he is forced to the contrary, or is obliged to act differently, or has not in his power to act as he would, the Will, in this case, is kept in abeyance, and not brought into play. Few subjects have given the learned such endless difficulty and dispute as its freedom. Suffice it for our purpose to quote the lines of Milton :

> "Others apart sat on a hill retired,
> In thought more elevate, and reasoned high
> Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate,
> Fixed Fate, Free-will, Foreknowledge absolute,
> And found no end, in wandering mazes lost."

One of the most pleasing faculties of the soul,

as well as the most tormenting, is *memory*. Impressions made seldom fade away, if stamped in the memory in early life. It is a curious fact, that ideas of childhood and youth are remembered with a vividness that defies the lapse of time, and seem to be as it were engraven in the soul, so as never to be forgotten. What happens in middle life, and toward its close, can seldom be retained with the greatest labor, except when the impression made is strong. It is almost always likely to fade. First, it grows indistinct, then fainter and fainter, till it is wholly effaced; yet, from the constitution of the wonderful principle within us, we may have the same renewed when our memory is refreshed. Who has not heard the fine lines of the bard of Erin :—

"She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,
For her heart in his cold grave is lying.
She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Each note that he loved awaking;—
Ah! little they think, who exult in her strains,
That the heart of the minstrel is *breaking!*"

The various other faculties of the soul it is not needful we should trace. They will come in incidentally as we go on. It must be apparent to

the most casual observer, that the immaterial principle in man is made up of these different elements as a part of the whole, and each would be incomplete without the other. Hence, a mind equally poised, and well regulated, would move as steadily in its orbit as the sun in his course, and man answer the end for which he was created. What must the human soul have been when first man stood in the rectitude of his first love, ere sin and death entered the world, or the fairest portion of God's handiwork was marred, and the human soul tainted with the foulest leprosy of inbred sin! In her original purity, how fair the spotless innocence that shone with brilliant splendor in the happy place where Adonah Elohim fashioned him above all our conceptions of moral perfection! Well might even a heathen poet remark, *Os homini sublime dedit cœlumque tueri* —He made man of lofty presence, to look heavenward.

There is a beautiful fiction in the ancient mythology about Prometheus, who is reported to have made a man from clay, and animated him with fire brought down, by an evil fraud, from the heavenly mansions. Tradition gave the ancients some ideas about the nature of the soul, that shows they had some shrewd notions about its heavenly origin. It would be curious to enter

into the speculative philosophy about the eternity of matter, and the doctrines of Pythagoras, and the Indian tradition of the metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls. But the subject in this way would be more curious than useful; and those who desire to pursue it, can gain information from those better versed in it than I can be. *The Origin of the Soul* is one of the most elevating thoughts that can distinguish a man from the mere brute. God formed man out of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of two lives, nephesh ghayim, and man became a living soul. Hence, there is a soul in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty gives him understanding. The body is dust. The soul is the breath of the Almighty, who created man in his own image.

The soul, then, is in its origin *divine*. The pure and holy Being whose dwelling is in light inaccessible, the grand Author of Nature, and Maker of the things that are, whether thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers;—this great and infinitely perfect Being, spiritual and pure in his own essence, and infinitely happy in himself, made man in his own image. The soul of man was without spot of sin. No impure alloy lurked in his unspotted soul. He answered the end of his being. He was like him who made

him. The vast powers of his mind and soul were exercised only for good; and, above all things, his soul sought its happiness in the knowledge of him whom he worshiped in spirit and in truth. Cherubim and seraphim found him fit companion, for it is just to suppose that Milton is more led by truth than poetic fancy, when he portrays, in pencilings that will never perish, the glory and the dignity of him who saw the King in his beauty—who conversed with his Maker.

The grandeur of the soul is seen in the great truth that the Infinite made it a miniature likeness of his own perfections. It differed not from the spirit of the highest seraph that, with face behind his wing, exulted in the dazzling glories of the eternal throne. Man was joined to a body. But oh, how different from the degenerate race of fallen man!

> "A lovelier pair ne'er since in love's embraces met,
> Adam the goodliest man of men since born,
> The fairest of her daughters, Eve."

The moral law, the Decalogue, was not yet given to man. But it was written on his heart, engraven on his soul, while he retained the divine image. His understanding was the vast storehouse from whence he drew rich treasures of sacred lore. What was the wisdom of Solomon

to that of Adam? What the genius of Newton, the philosophy of Bacon or of Locke, the learning of Johnson, to his? What, in comparison to him, was Homer or Virgil, Dante or Milton, Horace or Shakspeare? How insignificant human learning or genius to his? Demosthenes and Cicero, Plato, Socrates, Zoroaster, Confucius, Pericles, Lycurgus, Solon, Galen, Hippocrates, Moses, Daniel, and David,—what were they and all the sons of Adam in comparison with himself in person, mind, and soul?

What then is the nature of the soul?

> "A beam etherial, sullied and absorbed:
> Though sullied and dishonored, *still divine.*"

The human mind, in this our age, can grasp the most abstruse mysteries of science. All the wisdom of Egypt, the learning of Greece, the enterprise of Carthage, and the greatness of Rome, are surpassed and left behind. The stormy ocean yields to the energies of man, and he pursues unimpeded his onward course over its foaming billows. Steady, directed by the compass, he calculates the distance, departs, and reaches his destination in the allotted time. He pushes his way to the furthest North, and lays open to the flag of his country the frozen regions of the Polar

Sea. His genius and prowess surmount the dangers that threaten, and he opens the commerce of nations, and pours the commodities of other climes into the lap of luxury. The rapid car receives him as he annihilates space, and the wire-like enchantment bears him swifter than the wind. He almost obviates the curse, "in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread," for his ingenuity makes labor-saving machines, and *matter* yields to *mind*. He chains the ocean with his cable, and soars with Dedælian art into the clouds of heaven. The deep supplies him, and he ransacks the bowels of earth, which yield her hidden treasures. He can hold converse with sages of antiquity, and his mind is replenished with the knowledge of former generations. The diseases of the body he can heal, and say to fell disease —give place! All but the hand of death can he stay, and the hour that will be his last on earth. His imagination can soar aloft, and his faith raise him to companionship with angels. He is the object of the Divine regard, and, though fallen, a Ransom has been found.

Surely such is the nature of the soul in man. If such it be now, what must it have been ere man departed from the righteousness in which he was made?

I have not spoken of the *Passions* of the soul.

Cain was the first to yield to *anger;* and a brother's blood cried to heaven for vengeance from the ground. Nimrod the Great was a mighty hunter before the Lord, and his ambition laid the foundation of the Assyrian Empire. Nebuchadnezzar, the king of haughty Babylon, boasted of his might, and was led on in the trammels of inordinate ambition and indomitable pride, till taught that a Power superior rules in the kingdoms of men. The pride of man increased before the Flood, and the corruption of the race almost extinguished it, and opened the windows of the great deep that poured in the deluge in which only eight persons were preserved. Lust soon made its appearance, and drew down the divine displeasure. As the nations increased after the dispersion at the Tower of Babel, war and bloodshed, rapine and murder, have marked the race till now. The pages of history are a tissue of the pride, anger, lust, jealousy, revenge, hatred, ambition, cruelty, and treachery of mankind.

Agamemnon led the Greeks against Troy, and warriors bled for ten years; and the most populous city of Asia was laid in the dust, through the adulterous intercourse of a vain and worthless fellow. The army of Xerxes almost all perished, and a million of men fell to gratify the

pride and imbecility of a worthless king. Antiochus Epiphanes was the most cruel and wicked of men. He slew tens of thousands. And the same might be said of the royal madman Alexander—and of Cæsar, who imitated him, and in whose wars over a million lives were sacrificed in Gaul. The contest of Actium, and the Plains of Pharsalia, cut off hundreds of thousands; and, in the time of the Roman Empire, the corpses of men that fell from the time of Cæsar to Charlemagne, and from that till Constantinople was taken by the Turks, would, I have no doubt, be very many millions, and, if piled on one another, reach as high as the loftiest Alps; while the blood shed would make a lake as large and deep as that of Geneva! If any one thinks this exaggerated, let him study Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire; think on the carnage of Napoleon's campaigns, the wars of England, the British war in India, and the war in the Crimea. Compare Byron's Siege of Corinth:

"Many a vanished year and age,
And tempest's breath, and battle's rage,
Have swept o'er Corinth; yet she stands
A fortress formed to Freedom's hands.
The whirlwind's wrath, the earthquake's shock,
Have left untouched her hoary rock,
The keystone of a land which still,
Though fallen, looks proudly on that hill;

The landmark to that double tide
That purpling rolls on either side,
As if their waters chafe to meet,
Yet pause and crouch beneath her feet.
But could the blood before her shed,
Since first Timoleon's brother bled,
Or baffled Persia's despot fled,
Arise from out the earth which drank
The stream of slaughter as it sank,
That sanguine ocean would o'erflow
Her isthmus idly spread below;
Or could the bones of all the slain
Who perish'd there be piled again,
That rival pyramid would rise
More *mountain-like* through those clear skies,
Than yon *tower-capt Acropolis*,
That seems the *very clouds to kiss!*"

Such passions have sullied the soul of man. Ignorance, error, superstition, and idolatry have prevailed; and the lights of the nineteenth century have not dispelled the darkness that falls misty on the horizon of the human soul. How has *love* been perverted! In most languages, ancient and modern, it is but another name for *lust*. In the best of individuals the passions would, if yielded to, lead far beyond the boundaries of virtue; and the great Apostle to the Gentiles had to lay restraint on himself, and keep his body in subjection, lest, having preached the

Gospel to others, he himself should become a castaway.

Yet, when all the human affections are directed in the proper channel; when the Divine Spirit that erewhile moved on the face of the waters, and brought order out of confusion, light out of darkness—when that Spirit regenerates the soul, and forms it anew, there are apparent, love, joy, peace, long-suffering, goodness, gentleness, faith—and the soul is set *free*.

The soul, then, is immaterial, and spiritual in its nature and essence, capable of knowing God as the chief good; and, consequently, of answering the end of its being.

*Let us consider its Immortality.*

I promised to translate the passage of Sallust in continuation: Accordingly, a beautiful form, a great fortune, and bodily vigor, with every thing of a like kind, glide away in a brief space; but the splendid exertions of the intellect, like the mind itself, are immortal. The mind is incorruptible, eternal, governor of the human kind, performs and includes all things, but is itself independent of any thing.—*Homer*, in the Eleventh Book of the Odyssey, causes Ulysses to visit the country of the Cimmerians, where was the descent to the shades below. Having duly performed certain sacred rites, he filled a vessel with the

blood of victims, and the spirits of the dead surrounding it; he permitted none to touch it except the prophet Tiresias. The descent was in thick darkness; and, after the tasting of the blood by Tiresias, he gave him information about how he should return to his house, and what the other changes of his life would be. He recognized his mother Anticlea, and, as soon as she tasted the blood, she explained to him the fortunes of his family. He saw also many of the ancient worthies, as Tyro, Antiopa, Alemena, Epicastes, Chlorides, Leda, Iphemedia, Phædra, Procrides, Ariadne, Maera, Clymene, Eriphyle. Then he saw Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Antilochus, Ajax; as also Minos distributing justice, Orion hunting wild beasts; Tityus, Tantalus, and Sisyphus tortured in various ways. Then he saw the shade of Hercules; after which he again ascended.

Did space permit, I might say much about the incidents of this Eleventh Book of the Odyssey. It is extremely curious, as giving the common idea of very early antiquity respecting the state of the soul after death. Homer, it will be recollected, is about the earliest writer in the world, next to some of the sacred writers. It may be remarked, there is an air of sadness with all the souls he makes his hero visit in the disembodied

state. There was not the idea of great blessedness in any, but with those punished, continued torture.

*Virgil*, in the Sixth Æneid, gives an account of the visit of Æneas to the Cumæan Sibyl, and of his descent with her into the lower world. There, after passing through the horrors of purgatory, he meets his father Anchises in Elysium. Anchises directs him respecting his future conduct, gives him a prospective view of the glories of his posterity, and unfolds to him the sublime doctrine of the unity and omnipresence of the Deity, of the immortality of the soul, and of a state of rewards and punishments after death. He also explains the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, as taught by Pythagoras, and inculcates the importance of piety and virtue.

I shall translate from line 680.

"But father Anchises, deeply musing in a blooming valley, was surveying the spirits enclosed there who were going to the light above. He was enumerating all the series of his descendants and dear posterity, the fates, fortunes, manners, and bands of heroes. As soon as he sees Æneas approaching, he eagerly extended both his hands. Tears flowed down his cheeks, and these words escaped him :

"'Have you come at length, and has your

long-tried affection for your parent surmounted the difficulty of your journey? It is granted me, O son, again to see and converse with you! This indeed I expected, calculating the time, and my anxiety has not disappointed me. What lands and seas do I know you to have explored, and what dangers have you been exposed to! How I feared for you, lest the Libyan kingdom should prove injurious to you!' But he answered: 'Your, your sad image, oh father, often presenting to me, obliged me to come hither. My ships are anchored by the Tusean shore. Grant, grant me, father, to join my right hand, and remove me not from your embrace!' Thus saying, his cheeks overflowed with copious tears. Then thrice he endeavored to throw his arms around his neck. Thrice in vain, for the compressed image thrice eluded his grasp like light air, and similar to a fleeting dream."

*Dante* has drawn a vivid picture of the state of the soul after death; has followed it through the tortures of hell, and ascended with it to the joys of paradise. For him his loved Beatrice smiles from the mansions of the blessed, and inculcates those precepts which, to practice, is virtue, piety, and heaven.

*Milton* abounds with lofty thoughts of the soul's destiny in a future state. His ideas are majestic,

sublime, grand beyond description. He fills the soul with a sense of her own noble origin, and lets her attuned ear listen to the melody of heaven.

*Young*, in the Night Thoughts, brings us near the verge of the invisible state, and computes the value of the soul as beyond compare:

"Weigh worlds on worlds, one *soul* outweighs *them all.*"

And again:

"E'en *silent night* proclaims my soul *immortal*,
E'en silent night proclaims *eternal day.*"

The importance of Divine light to illumine the soul in her passage on, is finely seen:

"Thou who from solid darkness struck that
Spark, the sun, strike wisdom from my soul,—
My soul that flees to thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold while others rest."

*Longfellow* has the following beautiful lines on the soul:

"Life is constant, life is earnest,
And the grave is not our goal;
Dust thou *art*, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the *soul.*"

The argument for the immortality of the soul, on philosophical grounds, it is needless to enter upon. It is not likely that the Being who formed it, and made it immortal, would ever annihilate it, as such would be inconsistent with his own attributes. The death of the soul, as mentioned in Scripture, does not mean its dissolution, but its deprivation of the joys of heaven. It is both in accordance with the opinions of the wisest and best of men, that the soul will live through endless ages. It can never cease to live. Its very nature is coeval with eternity; and the Scripture expressly informs us that it will endure everlastingly. This is the brightest hope of the Christian—the greatest joy of a true believer in Jesus. It keeps his mind and soul in perfect peace, through him who has become incarnate, suffered, and died, to open the portals of immortality.

The immortality of the soul is not always a blessing. There are myriads of souls confined to all eternity, who would gladly cease to exist, but cannot; for their worm dieth not, and the fire that burns them can never be quenched. Some, who pretend to love man, will say, "God is too good to suffer any human soul to be tormented in the abode of hell through all eternity." But such is the doctrine of the Son of God; and he uses the same expressions for the happiness of the

blessed as the torments of the damned. If, therefore, the tortures of the lost souls in hell are not eternal, no more are the joys and extatic bliss of the happy in heaven.

But we are to believe God rather than men. We must trust that a dying, rising, glorified Saviour tells us the truth; and that is, that the soul of man is spiritual in its nature, immaterial in its essence, immortal in its duration, and happy or miserable for that duration, according as it has been washed and sanctified, or is defiled with sin. No word of Jesus tells us we can purge *ourselves*, here or hereafter. Indeed, we are told distinctly that, unless he washes us, we have no part in him. In vain are all the attempts a man can make to purge out the old leaven. The soul can only be made pure by him who purchased it with his atoning blood. And oh, if not freed from sin here, how awful must its state be through all the countless ages of eternity!

"What matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy?
But oh, when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend?"

Let us hope we will all get to glory hereafter

Our perishable bodies shall rise from the dust of death, and the immortal soul again be reunited with the body, glorified and immortal. The Last Judgment past, we will rise to the paradise of God. Our souls, freed from sin here, and sanctified by faith in the atonement of Jesus, will have all their trials over. God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes. The sufferings of mortality will no more be known, nor the dangers and trials of a probationary state ever find a place in the mansions of blessedness above. All will be peace and joy, rejoicings without end. We shall join with loved and lost friends. Those dear to our souls, snatched from us by the stroke of death, we shall again see, in a better world, to part no more.

Angels and the company of heaven will be our companions, and the millions of the celestial hosts we shall behold in garments of light and of immortality. Above all, we shall see the face of God. How shall we exult to comprehend the unity of the Godhead, and the infinite perfections of him "whose love is as great as his power, and neither knows measure nor end"! How shall we exult in magnifying the Father's love, who gave his only-begotten Son to die for us! How shall we triumph in the redeeming love that crucified the Prince of Life on the Cross of Calvary!

What adoring wonder will fill us as we behold Him who first loved us! It is more than tongue can tell, or angel mind conceive. The senses will no more be needed to connect us with the spiritual world. The Blessed Spirit, God Blessed forever, that guided us in the world, will fill all our capacities with joy unutterable, as we increase in perfection, and are assimilated more and more to the Divine Nature forever.

But language fails, and the soul is lost in contemplation of its own immortality. We are bound by the chain of sense; but soon the bonds will be loosed, and we shall be set free.

Then let us not fear death.

Let us rather prepare to meet our God.

---

## CHAPTER X.

### REMINISCENCES.

Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.— *Virgil.*

A MAN must have lived to little purpose unless his life can afford *one* chapter at least to benefit others. Every author ought to have a sketch of his life in the work he puts forth. The reader

and author would have a mutual advantage, and understand each other *better*. The writer of this book was born on the second day of December, 1824, in the Townland of Drumclamph, Parish of Ardstraw, County of Tyrone, Province of Ulster, Ireland. His family has been known in the neighborhood for two centuries. They may claim to be respectable. The father and mother of the writer are still living, and besides him have another son, William, and four daughters. One daughter, Mary, died about two years ago, and two other children in infancy. The writer received his early education from William Simpson, in the school of Cavandora; and being intended for farming, the pursuit of his father, he received no very liberal education, though as good as most of his neighbors. Improving all the leisure hours, he studied a great part of Latin grammar by himself, in an imperfect way; and this coming to the ears of a relative of his father, a London surgeon of considerable eminence, he proposed to defray the expenses, and give his young nephew all the advantages, in an educational way, the locality afforded. The plow was abandoned for Virgil, and rooting out old trees for tracing out Greek roots. A pony was bought, and the writer set thereupon. After some time, he proceeded to the Royal School of Dungannon, and reaped

the advantages of instruction under able masters for nearly two years. The head-master was, at that time, Rev. John R. Darley, Author of a "Treatise on Homer," "The Grecian Drama," &c., one of the most considerable scholars of the age. Should his eye ever fall upon this humble page, he may feel assured that the excellent precepts he instilled have not been forgotten, impressed as they were by an example the most amiable, and a virtue the most sublime. Of the late Dr. Hunter, of Islington, London, the uncle of the writer, the following is from Jackson's Life of Rev. Richard Watson (chap. 23d, p. 416): "He," Mr. Watson, "owed much to the professional skill and Christian friendship of James Hunter, Esq., of Islington, having been for many years under the care of that eminent surgeon." And, p. 430: "Mr. Hunter, of Islington, who attended him with the most affectionate assiduity, suggested that one or more physicians should be consulted, as no means which had been hitherto tried were effectual in arresting the progress of the disease. Mr. Watson had the fullest confidence in the judgment of his friend, and believed that if Mr. Hunter could do nothing more for him, the case was hopeless." Mr. Hunter was a man of most amiable disposition and fervent piety. A further extract from the same page will not be out of

place in the World's Battle. "I have seen him" (Mr. Watson), says Mr. Hunter, "in such a state of suffering, that nature could not have endured the slightest augmentation of his pain, but must have fainted under the pressure; and his cry was, not so much that the chastisement might be withdrawn, as that it might be overruled to the improvement of his piety. 'Let it be sanctified!' was his constant prayer: 'O God, let it be sanctified!'" In the Life of Rev. Henry Moore, Biographer and Executor of Rev. John Wesley, by the daughter of Dr. Adam Clarke, at p. 346 is the following: "With the family of his medical adviser, J. Hunter, Esq., of Islington, he often spent the day, cheerfully entering into the history of bygone times, interspersed with anecdotes of men and events;" and, p. 364: "Surgeon Hunter immediately attended, and pronounced the seizure a stroke of paralysis," &c. Again, p. 394: "His medical adviser, Mr. Hunter, was immediately sent for, who ordered him directly to bed again; and all that could be done, was done in his case to relieve and protract life." Speaking of the aunt of the writer, at p. 386: "Mr. Moore then conversed on the loss he had recently personally sustained by the death of his kind friend, Mrs. Hunter, of Islington, adding, 'She was always the same, and ever most attentive. She was a

good Christian, a good wife, a good mother, and have proved her to have been a steady friend. Surgeon Hunter has called upon me since his loss, and my heart felt for his heart, for I too have known what it is to part with the love of my youth.'" Arrived in London, the writer was introduced by his uncle Hunter to Rev. Mr. Nicholson, by whom he obtained an appointment as assistant-teacher in a school in Norwich. He subsequently taught in St. Helier's, Jersey, one of the Channel Islands, and in several schools in or near London, Madras House, Hackney; and Twickenham House, near Richmond, in the lovely valley of the Thames. After his uncle's death, he was tutor in North Elswick Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne, for a year. Then returned to London, and embarked for this country in 1852. He had generally spent the vacations at his uncle's house in London. Returning from viewing the Falls of Niagara, he was thrown from his horse, and, on the recovery, vowed to lead a more serious life in future. He gave one year to study for the ministry, but abandoned this from certain obstacles some persons cast in his way, for which they must be responsible in the Day of Judgment. He then pursued his medical studies at Muskegon, Michigan, proceeded to Philadelphia, taught the Elementary Classics in Burlington College, in

connection with other duties, for a Term, and then entered the Medical Department of Pennsylvania College. Studying as hard as his capacity allowed, with numerous advantages besides those of the College course, he received the Diploma of Doctor of Medicine in the Musical Fund Hall, March 5th, 1856; since when he has been in the practice of the profession he adopted.

He feels he has not been without his share of the difficulties encountered in the World's Battle. He has been a stranger from his home and family, cast on his own resources at an early age. He has struggled with the temptations and trials in the great world of London; felt himself an isolated being on "the vasty deep," and struggled almost to suffocation in "Wild Western Scenes." But he blesses God for the governance of a kind and unerring Providence, who has compassed him about with loving-kindnesses, raised him many and esteemed friends, and, as for the prophet of old, spread a table for him in the wilderness. It is at once his conviction and consolation—"that all things work together for good to them who love God;" and while he deplores the differences that too far separate Christian communities, and the apathy of worldly men in general about "the one thing needful," he hopes to live to see the day when greater progress will be made in the

path of moral perfection, and the world join in fighting the World's Battle.

---

## CHAPTER XI.

### MATERNAL INFLUENCE.

And the Mother of Jesus was there.—John ii. 1.

When the Great Author of Nature made man, he ordained, shortly after, the institution of marriage. The mate of Adam was never a mother before the lapse from moral perfection, in which the penalty of disobedience was inflicted on Nature through all her works. This penalty, which fell heavily on us all, fell heaviest, in several respects, on woman. "In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children," was to her the sentence of the Almighty. The Creator made the human species male and female, and the propagation of the race was rendered dependent on woman. A mother's influence, then, is felt long ere she has forgotten her pains of travail for joy that a man is born into the world. Let no false delicacy or imperfect observation hinder the reader from giving due weight to the observation. We are fearfully

and wonderfully made, and the mysterious process by which it pleases the Father of spirits to call dying bodies and immortal souls into existence, is one of the most beautiful and admirable presented to the mind of the physiologist, or that can claim the attention of the true Christian philosopher. And what can be more solemn, sacred, and affecting to the late pure virgin, who but a short time ago emerged from girlhood, to find that, in the shock of nature, she has given birth to a lovely babe, made in the Divine image, and prepared, for time and eternity, to maintain a separate existence! Who has duly considered what it is to be a mother? In the Greek language, so polished and significant, the words for womb and for mother, are almost the same. And here a beautiful idea is conveyed, by which we are reminded that man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble.

It is common to talk of a lover's fondness for his mistress. As he drinks in the maddening draughts of dear delicious love from her brilliant, sparkling, mischief-making eyes, no doubt a thrill of joy runs through his inmost soul. But what is that in comparison of a mother's love? With far deeper, holier love does the instinct of a mother turn to her new-born infant. She has emotions, feelings, sentiments too deep for utter-

ance; deeper than a well—aye, deeper than the sea, or Atlantic and Pacific with all their waves. Mothers will bear me out in saying so. They *know* it. They *feel* it. They wonder how I knew this, how I ever thought of this. But I have thought of it much, and pondered it deeply; nor do I think there is a holier emotion felt on earth, than that which throbs, and quivers, and trembles in a mother's heart. Sacred fountain of virtue, purity, and love! well-spring of goodness unutterable, whose sacred chords quiver in the incipient emotions of our hearts, and, woven with the web of existence, quicken us like the life-pulse in our journey through the thorny paths of this evil, heartless world!

A mother's influence! God help us! Had we been true to that, we might have been good men and women. How has a mother's care watched over our helpless infancy, and warded off danger, either real or imaginary! How has she listened to the feeble cries, and met the rising want from the copious nutriment of her own supply! Mysterious provision, by which the hardiest son of toil has been fostered and prepared to sustain the severities by which he must pursue his onward way! It is thought the dispositions of after life are imbibed with the mother's milk. I am inclined to think that this is, in some measure,

the case. Certain it is, the mother, even in infancy, leaves a great impression on the physical and mental constitution of the child. A large proportion of children die in infancy and early childhood. This is a fact too well known to mothers; and insidious disease has robbed the sorrowing mother of her beloved little one, while another, and yet another is taken away, so that she laments over death's unkindly frost, that nipped her flower so early. And let no one think that, while the little ones sleep 'neath the green sod, happy to be taken so soon from evils yet to come, the bursting sighs, and streaming tears, half disclose the anguish of the maternal bosom. In fact, it sometimes increases in momentum like a falling pebble, and is even more felt in the end of long years than in the first burst of grief. There is nothing more remarkable than the sedulous attention with which a mother unremittingly devotes herself to the well-being and happiness of her children. They seem in her hand like clay in the hand of the potter, which she can mould at will to take just what form she pleases. There are no lessons, no precepts, no instructions so long and so deeply remembered as those of the mother. The mother of King Lemuel taught him many useful precepts, which he thought on in time favorable to their

practice, and they are worthy of imitation by all young men in general. Such men as John Wesley and his brother owed their fervent piety to a mother's influence; and, were it to our purpose, numerous instances might be adduced, besides those of the Spartan mothers, to prove the extent of a mother's influence. But, before proceeding further, let it be duly considered what pain and peril attends on her who becomes a mother, and how great and intimate is the connection between a mother and her offspring. Before the birth, the same nourishment sustains both; the very blood that courses through the veins of a mother is the same that nourishes and fosters the embryo, and that, when born into the world, circulates through all the system, and affords the pabulum vitæ, or life stay. How indissoluble, then, is the connection between mother and child! And how deep is her sympathy with it in pain or ease, joy or grief! She sighs over it in sickness, and watches over it with a solicitude and anxiety that none but she can experience, and none but she can know. Can a mother forget her sucking child, that she should cease to have compassion on the son of her womb? is a question put by the Most High to his people Israel, to show his wakeful providence in guarding them. Any one of experience knows that the mother

will peril and lose her own life for her offspring. A bear, robbed of her whelps, is fierce and ready to tear to pieces. If a young lion is taken from its dam, she becomes terribly ferocious; and even the hen, gathering her brood under her wings, is adopted as a simile by Him who knows all things, in order to show forth the preserving goodness of God to man.

We may see the great reverence due to mothers from the high honor to which they aspired in Israel, in hoping to give birth to the Saviour of mankind.

The language of the prophet was: Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Immanuel, or God with us. Hence it was that an angel was sent to the Blessed Virgin Mary, announcing the fact of the miraculous conception and birth of the Son of God. The Word was made flesh. God became incarnate, and thus has given us another most powerful motive for reverencing those functions of maternity by which the race is prolonged, and those influences that a mother exerts on her offspring. This influence commences in the cradle, and probably ends in the grave. The grave, did I say?—no! the impression lasts forever. It is indelible to all eternity, and may be endless

misery or joy forever and ever, according as she has done her duty or neglected it.

Every parent knows that the bringing up of a family is one of the most arduous and responsible duties on earth. The frowardness bound up in the heart of a child needs the most watchful care. Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined. From the very cradle, education begins. As a mother's place is the *home*, as the home is the abode of the family, as the family is the little republic to be ruled and governed, nourished and supplied, so a mother's influence, like charity, begins at *home*, and, like charity too, does not *end* there. The mother, true to her duty, watches over the physical and mental development of her offspring, guards them with a tender care, and surrounds them with all the comforts of her frugality, all the blessings of her love. She watches the beloved object, and gets it early vaccinated. A mother who neglects this is derelict in her duty. She fears the measels, scarlatina, whooping-cough, and cholera infantum; while the croup, cold on the breast, and cutting teeth fill her mind with anxious alarms. She watches the symptoms of departure from the normal standard of health; and, while she administers the simple and well-known regulators of digestion, and her shelf is never without the little requisites that colic,

spasm, or quick convulsion might render necessary, she prudently avoids quack medicines, and consults, when needful, the scientific, skilled, and humane physician. If she thinks fit to call in the doctor, she will not grow impatient, or throw his prescription in the fire when his back is turned, but will use the means directed, without the palaver of old wives' fables. She will not send for all the doctors she can, without following the directions of any; but, exercising a prudent discretion, leave her child a chance of recovery. These precepts are of use to the mother, and tend to widen her influence, and extend her usefulness. Considering the numerous diseases of infancy and childhood, it would be well for mothers to send for medical advice early, if at all; and I think that in most cases the doctor's bill would not be more than the undertaker's.

A good mother will provide medicine for the mind as well as for the body; do all she can to curb, restrain, direct, exhort, and encourage, as the case may be; and in no instance, if required, will she spare the rod. She will not let a child have its own way, will not spoil it through indulgence, or frighten it with bugbears. Threats of the "bad man," or the dark, or any object of aversion or terror, will never be made use of, but means employed to enable it to have a sound

mind in a sound body. If peevish and fretful, she will not put it asleep with opiates too often; and, as her infant grows in years, will watch the earliest dawn of reason and intelligence, in order to instil precepts of piety, religion, morality, and virtue. And, as the fiercest disease will yield to the treatment of the skillful physician, so she will have the satisfaction of seeing her offspring grow up, a credit to herself, their country's pride, and the ornaments of mankind. From the age of twelve, the father, perhaps, will, as ruler of his house, exercise a wider influence than the mother; but the dispositions she has imparted, and the seeds she has sown, are such as can never be changed or eradicated as long as life lasts.

How responsible, then, is the mother's part! On her it depends to replenish the state, populate the waste wilderness, and fill the country with good citizens. The foundations of the noblest edifices, the most perfect specimens of Corinthian or Gothic architecture are never seen; yet, on these depend the whole superstructure. It is so with good morals in a nation. They depend on maternal influence; and, as the cereal products of ancient Egypt, preserved perhaps in the cerements of a mummy, germinate after three thousand years, so the mother's influence will bud, blossom, and bear abundant fruit, while her own

life has long ceased on earth, and her hardy sons, in the vicissitudes of life, are fighting the World's Battle.

Look into the prisons of our country, and behold the felon in his cell, and you will perchance find he lost his mother early, or her habits were dissipated, or she failed to exercise the influence that might have saved him. Go into the haunts of infamy and vice, if your sense of shame and degradation will let you, and ask the painted misery you meet, how the first false step led to misery here, if not hereafter, and you will find it was for want of, or in neglect of, a mother's influence. Why do vice, immorality, and crime abound? Alas! a mother neglects her duty, and then bad principles are sown broadcast; and, in the first temptation, the seeds grow up with vast increase, and bear fruit unto death. Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it. I am persuaded if the mother does her duty to her boys and girls, they will at least grow up good and virtuous members of the community, and in few instances, indeed, do discredit to the principles inculcated. A mother that neglects her duty will have much to answer for. One who performs it well deserves the admiration of every lover of virtue.

Much may depend on the father, much on the

instructor, much on associates; but one rightly instructed by his mother will be guided by her precepts, love and cherish her memory, and think of her with fervent gratitude. The young lady, brought up under the care of a virtuous and judicious mother, will live, it may be, to impart the same influence to her children, and her influence will extend to society. We have seen that a mother's influence is great. It has its reward often. She frequently rejoices in the fruits of her labor and self-denying toil. Not only do her children grow up to bless her, but, in whatever station, she has strong claims on universal respect. This is the pride and boast, the stay and staff of the country. Our women are the admiration of the whole world. We say it with no flattery, no compliment, no partiality. The women of America are as pre-eminent for their virtue as distinguished for their beauty; and their praises are heard in the remotest corners of the habitable world.

## CHAPTER XII.

The varying Fashions of the month are seen
In Godey's Lady's Book or Graham's Magazine,
In Peterson's or Arthur's—all express
The different patterns of a lady's dress,
In which, more lovely still, will beauty shine,
Or Fashion deck the votaries at her shrine.
These, like to preachers, prove what Scriptures say,
"The fashions of the world do pass away."
And, like the Fashions, too, will all things pass,
And not be found: for "all flesh is as grass."
Whate'er the path we urge, in mid career
Our course may stop: "nothing is certain here."
Yet, in this course, uncertain as it is,
We seem secure, and dream of earthly bliss,
And The World's Battle diligently shun,
Or fight like cowards when life's almost done.
And thus, but half prepared, another state
Alarms us, trembling on the brink of Fate.
Too many fight who cast the shield away,
Like him at Philippi, who confessing did say—
"Parma"—the shield—"non bene relicta"—
Was ill abandon'd on th' eventful day.

'Tis here, like bold Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu,
With scabbard off—"Then each his falchion drew"—
With the stern chief, in parting with his targe,
It fared but ill : so with the world at large.
The shield is Faith, which, held tenaciously,
The combatant will never fear or flee.
But, with the shield, he wants the helmet too—
Salvation—on his head all bright and new.
A breastplate, too, he greatly does require,
'Tis Righteousness. He must not be a liar :
Therefore his loins the fairest Truth must gird,
With no prevarication in one word.
To guard his feet, they must be fitly shod
With Gospel preparation, peace with God.
What wants he more beside "to fight the fight"
Of Faith call'd "good," and grasp at endless life ?
He wants for conquest the victorious sword
By God's blest Spirit used—The Word of God,
More keen and precious than the one *he* wore,
That "king of men," with gold nails studded o'er.
And thus arrayed in panoply divine,
The Christian hero's weapons brilliant shine,
More costly, more complete than poets sing,
Clothed Thetis' son, or Ithaca's wise king.

Ye Pastors! whose it is God's flock to feed,
If haply ye should chance my book to read,
And find it not unsuited to the case
Of precious souls—the wanderers from grace—
Ask, and ye have more copies of the same,
One, two, or three, or thousands as ye name;
But, if not useful, let oblivion be
Its doom; "and be the Spartan's epitaph on me—
'Sparta hath many a worthier son than he.'"
Physicians! ye who mark the languid eye,
And feel the fluttering pulse—Mortality
Looks up to you, and scans your every look,
And reads with anxious glance, as in a book,
The furrowed lines your studious duty traces,
Well marked upon your very serious faces,
When Mors defies your skill, and all your art
So noble, nought avails against his dart;
This book for you should somewhat suited be,
As pointing out the path of *Immortality*.
Ye Lawyers, Statesmen, Legislators all,
And Judges of the land, this book will call—
At least its *subject* will—and ask a minute
From time so precious; *more* if you *begin* it.
Mysterious Public! give my book a *trial*,
And justly tell its time, as the sun on a dial;
And if you give applause, or don't complain,
Perchance with stronger wing I'll flee to you
again.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

"I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand."

Few passages in history are more instructive than that of the Venetian Republic. In it are most curiously manifested the various elements of the human mind, or, in other words, the diverse principles of action adopted by arbitrary powers, in which, however, there is a strange correspondence; as, for instance, the "pozzi," or state dungeons of Venice, embody the same idea as the Bastile, and "The Tower of Julius, London's lasting shame." This gives us cause of gratitude that we live in a day in whose light are never seen the rack or torture, the block or the axe of the headsman, and where the dungeons and horrors of the Inquisition are known only from hearsay—in a day when prison discipline is as different from what it was in the time of "the benevolent Howard," as different as light and darkness, when—as in the Philadelphia County Prison—while the course of justice has its sway, the poor prisoners in their confinement have due

care for the supply of their wants, physical, intellectual, and moral.

In Venice there is a covered gallery, or bridge, that joins the state prisons with the ducal palace. It is raised above the water level, and a stone wall divides it into two compartments, a passage and a cell. When a prisoner was appointed to die, he was taken along this passage and then led back into the cell, or other compartment, where he was strangled. Though the low portal through which the prisoners were taken is now built up, the passage yet remains, and is called the Bridge of Sighs, of which further information may be had in the note on the fourth canto of Childe Harold. Now, this Bridge of Sighs is very much to my purpose, which, indeed, is not that of showing up the sanguinary cruelties of a former age, but noting the suffering of some of the unhappy along such dark and gloomy passages of their life as may be called the Bridge of Sighs. And *which* of us has not crossed this gloomy passage? *Which* of us?—does not the echo answer *switch* us! from which we may learn we often make our own miseries, and *knowing*, not *doing* our Master's will, are, or ought to be, or have been "beaten with many stripes." If any one thinks the echo does *not* make this, but some other answer to him I say, that very much may depend

on the place the question is asked, the frame of mind and tone of voice it is asked in, and the circumstances under which it is put. At all events, we all have, or will have passed, or are now passing, the Bridge of Sighs. We must do so to accomplish some victory in the World's Battle, even though our victory has not its scene on earthly ground. Therefore the thing is of universal application—it suits all, for all have their interest in it; and therefore I will take the utmost pains to make this chapter the most comprehensive in my book, and perhaps in any book whatever, the Bible only excepted. I will draw my pictures as vividly as Milton or Shakspeare, though without the sublime touches and immortal coloring of their pencils of genius. I will bring materials from far and near, from the past and the present; I will concentrate these and display them in brief, present a few considerations, urge a few motives, and close at once the chapter and the book, to which I will never add a single line, but for the world leave as it is The World's Battle. In the language of a popular writer, "Nine times out of ten it is over the Bridge of Sighs that we pass the narrow gulf from youth to manhood. That interval is usually occupied by an ill-placed or disappointed affection. We recover, and find ourselves a new being. The intellect has become

hardened by the fire through which it has passed. The mind profits by the wrecks of every passion, and we may measure our road to wisdom by the sorrows we have undergone." There is more philosophy in this quotation than most persons think, who are satisfied with the mere surface of things. There is no affection in the human heart so powerful as *Love*. And, while on Maternal Influence, I remarked that, with the single exception of a mother for her infant, the mutual love of the sexes is by far the most powerful. That it is the master passion of the mind most will agree; and so powerful is it, that Virgil remarks it conquers all things—*omnia vincit amor*. The same poet has, from several of its effects, called it cruel. Allan Ramsay, in The Gentle Shepherd, has the same idea of love suppressed or not made known.

> "What is it that I cannot bear? 'tis worse than hell
> To be so burned with love and dare not tell."

The ancients represented Cupid, or the god of Love, as a rosy, chubby little boy, with a bow and arrows. He was the son of Venus, the goddess of beauty, and is said to have made sad havoc, not only among mortals, but the celestial deities themselves. He is apostrophized by a

great poet, whose poetry is genius, but whose morals are fit only for swine.

"Oh Love, of whom great Cæsar was the suitor,
Titus the master, Antony the slave,
Horace, Catullus, scholars, Ovid tutor,
Sappho the sage blue-stocking, in whose grave
All those may leap who rather would be neuter;
Leucadias' rock still overlooks the wave.
Oh Love! thou art the very god of evil,
For, after all, we cannot call thee *devil*."

Many waters cannot quench, many floods cannot drown love. It is implanted by our common Father for wise and beneficent purposes, of a domestic, social, and spiritual character. When in the right channels, according to the laws of God and man, it elevates the morals and purifies the heart, subdues all the affections in sweetest harmony, and fills all the paths of life with true joy and gladness. Friendship might produce a Damon and Pythias, a Pylades and Orestes, a Jonathan and David, but the power of love like enchantment has subdued great kings, and led the most powerful conquerors captive. I will cite copious instances presently. But, in this my last chapter, I want the kind and particular attention of my dear young friends of both sexes; and if my son and daughter live to be old enough, I hope they will read and observe what I enjoin.

The great writer I quoted from is in the right. In perhaps nine cases out of ten, it is over the Bridge of Sighs that the path lies between youth and manhood. The same may apply to the other sex. That is to say, young persons fall in love with each other, and without each other to live is quite impossible. Suicide has rapidly increased in the last ten years, and of these a very large proportion have been cases of disappointed affection. The ephemeral literature is much improved for years past, but all the stories, however they begin, are about courtship and marriage, making love and hearing it made, and winding up the whole with holy matrimony. And really a good moral is generally brought out of all this, for ours is a moral age altogether taken. Many young persons, in reading these stories, become too romantic. I could name instances in which young ladies have eloped, and others in which sentimentality was carried too far for their peace. It needs the young lady, who wants to be all her friends could wish her, to be very careful of what she reads, and no less so of the company she keeps. I am sure my lovely young friends will pardon me, but I am sure they ought always to make a confidant of mamma, and benefit by maternal influence. Ah! how many a snare might have been broken, and villain defeated, had that

note, or card, or message, or look been seen by a mother! Ye guardian angels of virtuous innocence, let the daughters of our land make their secrets known to their mothers! But this, so often a matter of imperative duty, is often one only of expediency:

> "One only passion unreveal'd
> With maiden pride the maid concealed,
> But not less purely felt the flame;
> Oh, need I tell that passion's name?"

A virtuous affection is nothing to blush for; but the man of her choice may not be in the position at once to meet parental approbation. Much, therefore, must be regulated by circumstances; but clandestine correspondence and stolen interviews, in secret places, propriety forbids.

How beautifully reciprocated affection is described by the author of The Seasons, in his Summer!

> "Young Celadon
> And his Amelia were a matchless pair,
> With equal virtue formed, and equal grace,
> The same distinguished by their sex alone:
> Her's the mild lustre of the blooming morn,
> And his the radiance of the risen day.
> They loved: but such their guileless passion was,
> As in the dawn of time informed the heart

Of innocent and undissembling truth;
'Twas friendship heightened by the mutual wish,
The enchanting hope and sympathetic glow
Beamed from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer self,
Supremely happy in th' awakened power
Of giving joy. Alone amid the shades
Still in harmonious intercourse they lived
The rural day, and talked the flowing heart,
Or sighed, and looked unutterable things."

But it is not always the course of true love runs so smooth. A young gentleman, as soon as he gets on the *toga virilis*, ere yet the down appears upon his interesting physiognomy, sees some fair nymph, the perfection of beauty and paragon of excellence, and her he takes at first sight, as the valiant Knight of La Mancha did his Dulcinea, as the "sovereign lady of his affections." It is his first love, forsooth! and must be *eternal*. Can she doubt it when he swears it? No, it would be hard that. What then? Believes or feigns to believe him, gives a little encouragement, just enough to keep him in the train of her adorers, and sends once in a while, "like angels' visits, few and far between," a cold, brief note in answer to his pathetic and heart-moving epistles, of more impassioned eloquence than ever fell from the mouth of Cicero. Who can paint the tortures of that love-smitten youth! Who

can describe the agonies that keep him on the rack, tossing and turning on the restless couch, while fever dries up his vitals, and his brain is all on fire! He rushes wildly to his desk, and oh, what verses appeal to the fair one's heart! At length, half dead between hope and fear, like the unhappy Phœnician Dido in a similar case, he "begins at length the light of heaven to hate, and loathes to live." At length she smiles on a rival. Madly he rushes to the pond, jumps in, finds the water rather too shallow for his purpose, but very cold. He gets out, reason returns, and he lives to thank God. The lady marries his rival, who leaves her in half a year. He has got over this Bridge of Sighs. All this is folly, extravagance, madness; but it takes place every day, but not always without some fatal effects. It is no unusual thing to hear of "frightful suicide," or "found drowned," or "dreadful tragedy," all which might be traced up to the one source—disappointed affection. When jealousy has entered the mind, it is "cruel as the grave." Shakspeare has described it with wonderful felicity in Othello; and instances have come under the observation of most of us to show how much it argues for the power of love. Many readers will call to mind several cases of murder tried in the

Philadelphia courts, which arose from jealousy insatiable but with the life of the victim.

It is common with many to deem the fair sex fickle, and Scott has characterized

> "Woman, in our hours of ease,
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please."

If this be the case, and to some degree I fear it must be granted, it must also be admitted that the avenues to the feminine affections require some guards. How many men are vain, selfish, and insincere! How many are debauched, gross, and licentious, who ought to be debarred from the company of the virtuous, and kicked out of virtuous woman's society! In the days of Judaism, a leper was kept without the camp, and could not show his face among the people; but the moral leper, known to be such, can enter the gayest circles of fashion, and the successful reprobate meet with favor from the world. But, let lovely woman make one false step. What then? She is blasted as some fair flower, and her comely beauty withers away. No sympathy, no friendly hand is found to bind up the broken-hearted. She is hated, reviled, despised, shunned by her own sex as some accursed thing. Alas! where shall she find repose, or shelter, or a friend? Infamy opens its dark portals—she enters in and is

beheld no more. A pauper's coffin, a pauper's funeral await her who shone like a star in the galaxy of beauty; and the form that once enclosed a wounded spirit yet calls forth a murmur of admiration from the young anatomist.

In the British empire, and particularly in our own great country, the marriage tie is respected. But, even here, there is a wide margin for improvement. Instances occur, more frequently than they should, in which the solemn obligations are infringed on; and woe be to that man or woman who breaks not only the laws of the land but the laws of God! The curse causeless shall not come. And oh, how awful to the reflecting mind, to sin against the clearest light, and burden the conscience with conscious crime, and the dread of a dying hour and a just Judge! Corrupt practices began early in the world, and it repented God he had made man. Sin increased very fast after the Flood, and illicit love seems to be the crime that, more than any other, has brought demoralizing influences to act on the human race. There are many passages in Herodotus, a plain-spoken writer, to show that in numerous instances the female, laying aside the native modesty of her sex, took the initiative in voluptuous pleasures. The case of Joseph was very trying, but the wife of Pharaoh could not prevail

with him. He firmly answered: "How can I do this wickedness, and sin against God?" The Lord prospered him, as he prospers all young men who resist temptation. But look at the case of David! His was an aggravated one. He took the poor man's ewe-lamb, and added murder to adultery. His punishment stands as a warning to all adulterers.

Every classical reader knows how Paris, prince of Troy, was punished for the Grecian Helen; and how the chaste Penelope was rewarded, while the adulterous Clytemnestra died by the hand of her own offspring. Cleopatra, the lascivious Queen of Egypt, might enjoy some pleasure with the lords of empire at her feet, but it was not lasting; and neither the Roman people nor the Supreme Ruler looked with favor on her lovers, all of whom, at least the most illustrious, died a violent death. In another page I have mentioned the emperor Justinian as having his life clouded with domestic misfortune. The truth is, his wife acted a most shameful part; and this is also applicable to the wife of the emperor's general, the illustrious Belisarius, whose arms often turned the scale of victory in favor of the declining empire. With many of my readers these remarks will seem of less use than they are intended to be. The fact is, adultery has prevailed to a great extent before

this our day, and at the present time it is not uncommon. One must not judge from appearances only. The cloak once drawn aside, crime is discovered. But my intention is to put the young especially on their guard.

Few crimes are so often punished in this life as adultery. The wages of sin in general is death; and the adulterer is often taken in the net he spreads, and pays an awful penalty for a short-lived pleasure and sinful gratification. The heaviest wrath of God rests upon the head of him who lies with his neighbor's wife; and, even if he escapes human justice, and stifles conscience, he cannot escape the judgment of the Almighty, nor the punishment due to his offenses—unless a deep repentance brings about the exercise of a saving grace manifested in his favor. I say this, because the mercy of God knows no bounds. When a woman violates her marriage vows, and dishonors her husband, the case is yet worse, and worthy of death. Adultery in a woman is even worse than in a man, for obvious reasons. They meet the same punishment from the supreme Lawgiver. Many will laugh at all this, but the chaste reader will remember who has said: "Marriage is honorable in all, and the bed undefiled, but whoremongers and adulterers *God* will judge." It is not my business to judge any person, and in any

thing I write I trust there is no want of charity; but, from what our Saviour has laid down as a rule, it requires a strict guard on the *conduct* and even the *thoughts*. "If any man looks upon a woman to *lust* after her, he hath already committed adultery with her in his heart." When the woman was taken in adultery, in the very act, and the hypocrites made allusion to the Mosaic treatment of this disease, the merciful Physician said: "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone at her." The accusers of the woman vanished, being self-condemned. Perhaps in our more enlightened age she might have been stoned.

Fornication, or the illicit intercourse of unmarried persons of different sexes, is condemned in Scripture, and branded with the stigma of reproach and shame by all who have any pretensions to decency and good morals. It is an evil very widely spread, and many indulge in it who are considered moral and even religious people. The statistics of fornication in great towns and small communities would be at once curious and useful. I must not unfold in these pages the correct information gained by some observation and the residence or sojourn in such large cities as London, New York, or Philadelphia for the last ten years. The subject, on account of the

young, whom I want to warn, must not be discussed, nor passed too lightly over; and most persons know that thousands subsist in cities, supported by the wages of sin and shame. As the fox and wolf in the forest, and the tiger in the jungle, we expect only immorality and vice from the common prostitute, whose dwelling is apart, distant from the unpolluted homes of our virtuous matrons and their daughters. But more is to be feared from the woman of questionable virtue, that gains an easy access to families, and sows the fruitful seeds of vice, than from the cunning fox, the prowling wolf, or the savage tiger's spring. Open vice is abhorred, but how often does a word, a look, nay, a glance or a gesture, a book or a picture, sap the firmest foundations of unsuspecting virtue! My dear young friends, as you value your peace, your innocence, your chastity, and virtue, avoid as the chambers of death aught *in deed, in word, in thought* that your heart of hearts tells you to be wrong! Begin well. Search your young hearts, and admit nothing but what is pure into your imaginations; and the person of filthy conversation, male or female, shun as your deadliest foe, and parley not one moment. Let all your associates be persons of moral worth. Admit none but the pure in heart to your society; and in the "slippery paths

of youth" take your parents, if rightly educated, or some esteemed friend, into your fullest confidence. Aim after moral excellence, and take as your example Jesus Christ, who was tempted just as you are, sin only excepted; and, by prayer, by watchfulness, by diligence, you will get over the Bridge of Sighs, and enjoy a clear conscience and a happy heart amid all the storms of life.

Reader, for your courteous attention, your candid consideration, your thoughtful reflection, your continued perusal of my book to its close, I most cordially, gratefully, sincerely thank you. The subject was not for every one. For the light and trifling, the sceptical and profane, it could have no charms; but it weighs with the serious, it impresses the true-hearted, and teaches the sincere of purpose a lesson. Tell me, did you not find, whatever its faults, that it suggested some good thought, or confirmed some virtuous principle, or illustrated some all-important precept? I am inclined to hope so; and, with one great example before us, one ennobling prize, may our efforts be such, that each may fill up his segment in the circle of this transitory existence, and gain the victory through Him that loved us.

END.

## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"The World's Battle. James Moore, M. D., author and publisher, Philadelphia." As may be inferred from the title, this is a work of intense interest, and comes directly home to the bosoms and business of every individual of both sexes. It is written in a clear and forcible style, and exhibits deep thought, extensive reading, classical attainments of a high order, and a general ripe scholarship, of which few can boast. The composition is free, rich, and sublime, the reasoning cogent, the arguments methodically correct, lucid, vigorous and conclusive.

The book embraces various topics of paramount interest, among which is that of "The Nature and Immortality of the Soul," in the discussion of which, many important physiological and medical facts are elicited. The work contains an interesting autobiographical sketch of the author. Its aim is, that the "*world's battle*" shall be succeeded by the victories of eternity. The book will be found a pleasing companion for all, of every age and condition.—*United States Journal.*

"The World's Battle." An interesting little work with the above title, has just been published in this city by the author, Dr. Moore. It is a moral and religious essay, well written, and filled with classic allusions and quotations. It is got up in handsome style, and contains three fine illustrations. We are acquainted with the author, and cordially recommend his work to the public.—*Southern Monitor.*

"The World's Battle, by James Moore, M. D." An original work, containing original expressions, founded on mature thought, and expressing the true opinions of the author in many things, is much rarer than is popularly supposed, and it is accordingly with pleasure, that we have detected in the unpretending little volume before us, evidences of such a work and of such a mind. If there is any class of writing in which our country really stands in need

it is of that kind which induces social reflection or philosophizing on the practical character of life, and the tendencies of the age. We do not mean wild dreams or castle building, which would cast humanity into moulds and keep it there; but that hopeful anticipation of human ability in the individual to better himself and mankind by genial effort, guided by morality. Dr. Moore's work belongs to the latter class, and as such we sincerely commend it to the lovers of all good books.—*Graham's Magazine.*

"The World's Battle, by James Moore, M. D." This little volume is neatly printed and has a taking title. "The World's Battle" is of interest to every body. The author evinces much classical and historical information in the progress of a historical and metaphysical argument, to show the importance of Christian influences in the regulation of life.—*Evening Journal.*

"The World's Battle, by James Moore, M. D.," is a little work written in the cause of morality and religion, showing a wide acquaintance with the classical and poetical writers, many quotations from whom ornament its pages. The author hopes to do good, and we hope he may.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

"The World's Battle. James Moore, M. D." The author has presented us with a copy of this treatise. It strenuously and admirably enforces many of the important religious, moral, and philosophic truths which form the basis of human happiness and respectability, and points with confidence to a glorious immortality, when the battle with the world shall have been brought to a triumphant victory. Dr. Moore is a pleasant writer, and reasons logically.—*Godey's Lady's Book.*

"The World's Battle." A neat little volume with the above title, has just been published by its author, James Moore, M. D. It abounds in historical and scriptural references—all of which successfully illustrate the importance of morality, virtue, and a religious life. The lessons taught in its pages, are presented in an agreeable form.—*Pennsylvania Inquirer.*